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A MODERN MADRIGAL.

BY C. J.

Come, for the buds are burst in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead;
Come, be Phyllis, and I'll be Coryn,
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed.

Come for a ramble down through the dingle,
For Spring has taken the Earth to bride;
Leave the cricket to chirp by the fagle,
And forth with me to the rivulet-side.

Lo! how the land has put from off her
Her virgin raiment of Winter white,
And laughs in the eyes of the Spring, her lover,
Who flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark, how the lark in his first ascension
Fills heaven with love-songs, hovering on high;
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffodowndillies,
And the haunt of the crocus purple and gold;
I'll be Coryn, and you'll be Phyllis:
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED]

IT was not perhaps a very pleasant life; but I forgot everything in my absorbing love.

I suppose Lance never dreamed of the wistful eyes which followed him whenever he left the house, when he mounted his horse, when he went out with his gun, when he returned—never knew how one person in that vast household longed always for his presence, for the sound of his voice, for the touch of his hand.

If a riding or driving party was arranged Lance always thought of me, always chose me for his companion; and those were the happiest hours of my life, walking or driving with him.

I kept ever in mind the memory of my brave ancestress who had saved the life of the man she loved at the risk of her own. I never, to win comfort for myself, told him one word of all that I suffered at his mother's hands.

As the days passed—the autumn days that were so beautiful—I fancied that his manner to me was changing, that the calm kindly love he had shown me was becoming the passionate admiration of a lover. There was a new light in his eyes when he looked at me, something in his voice and manner that was strange, but utterly sweet.

More than once I knew that Gladys directed Lady Ullswater's attention to us. I did not care. I cared for nothing but him.

One morning, when he did not take breakfast with us, her ladyship discussed her letters with her daughters.

The Marquis had gone to town to make some preparations for his marriage; one or two of our visitors had disappeared, and new ones had taken their place.

"I have such good news for you, children," said the mistress of Yatton. "Lady Maud Trent is coming."

I had not heard the name before, but I would not look up to ask any questions, or appear to take any interest in the matter, for I felt that all three were regarding me curiously.

"Now Lance will be happy," said Daisy, in a bright, light tone of voice. "He was like her shadow all last season."

"Yes, he will be pleased," added Gladys. "He told me that he missed Lady Maud more than all the rest of our friends put together."

"No wonder!" said Lady Ullswater. "She is so beautiful and fascinating."

I listened in silence.

My heart sank—I grew very cold with fear.

Lance her shadow!

And these three cruel women who hated me, were so pleased at her coming!

Lady Ullswater sat with a thoughtful air, holding the open letter in her hands.

"I am very pleased," she said softly. "If that could come to pass, the desire of my heart would be gratified."

The words stabbed me cruelly.

In my innocence I never expected treachery.

I knew these three detested me; but I never thought they would band together to betray me.

Gladys went up to her mother and kissed her.

"Mamma," she said, "if that only is needed to make you perfectly happy, you may be so now.

"I know what Lance told me, and I know more than I can tell you now. I am so glad—so very pleased!"

"There is no other girl in England so well suited to him," remarked Lady Ullswater.

"She will make him the best wife in the world.

"I have always wished that his choice might fall upon her."

She did not look at me, or seem to heed me in the least, as she spoke; none the less the words had pierced my heart. I believed implicitly what they were saying, that the Earl loved and would wed Lady Maud Trent.

As I sat stunned, motionless, a thousand thoughts surged up in my mind.

This was perhaps the reason why Lance often hesitated in his manner, and at times seemed on the point of saying words which he never uttered.

Arguing from the stand-point of my own great love, I felt that he must have loved me if there had not been some obstacle, and that obstacle was Lady Maud Trent. He had said he would be my brother, and had always talked to me in a similar strain.

So I sat silent when my heart seemed breaking.

And it seemed to me that in that hour, when I was led to believe that my cousin Lance loved and wished to marry some one else, the best, brightest, happiest part of me died.

I have wondered since what happened to me, if my face grew white, or my lips changed color, if I fainted or swooned. For a time there was a short terrible blank; then consciousness gradually came back to me.

I was sitting there still, holding my cup, the flowers on the table before me, and Daisy near me.

I prayed in my heart that I might bear my pain calmly—that I might keep my secret and not betray myself.

When the cold trembling sensation had passed from my limbs, I rose and quitted the room.

No sign would I give of the pain that had seized me.

But, oh, my love, my love, death would have been a thousand times more welcome to me than this!

Death would have ended all things—and I had to live on!

* * * * * *

Some women have the gift of rare personal beauty, but it is, as it were, lost to them because they have no other charm. Fascination is a much rarer gift—and Lady Maud possessed both.

It was quite remarkable, when she entered a room, how the men crowded round her, and what an influence she exercised over them.

When I saw her first, I could not fail to do homage to her beauty, while I felt there was no chance for me; there could be no comparison between so beautiful a woman and a girl whose only recommendation was the "St. Asaph face."

Lady Maud came to Yatton one chill October afternoon, when the pale yellow sunlight shone feebly over the garden, with its drooping dahlias and hollyhocks, when the wind wailed round the house and the river rushed wildly between its green banks.

Afternoon tea was, of course, an institution at Yatton.

It was taken in her ladyship's boudoir when we had no visitors, and, when we had, in a charming little room known as the blue room.

On these occasions even my three enemies relaxed their persecution, and were moderately friendly to me.

People were at their ease, conversed *sans gene* over the fragrant tea, and made plans for the following day's amusement—in fact it was the most enjoyable hour of the day.

Lance often came in and took a cup of tea with us, and the other men were sometimes tempted to follow his example.

On the afternoon that Lady Maud arrived we were alone with Lady Mary Newnham and Miss Grey.

The gentlemen had been out since midday.

Daisy first heard the carriage-wheels. She was in the highest spirits, for on that morning she had received, as a present from the Marquis, a magnificent parure of diamonds.

She had scarcely ceased laughing and talking all day, and in her delight had been almost civil to me. She started up.

"I hear carriage-wheels, mamma. That must be Lady Maud."

"I have never seen her," said Miss Grey.

"You have made me quite curious, Daisy. I wonder if she is all that you describe her?"

"That and more," declared Daisy. "Lady Maud is simply irresistible, as you will see."

No one spoke to me, but I knew that my enemies were watching me.

I resolved that they should see no sign, no trace of anything I felt.

So I looked up, and talked to Lady Mary, who was always kindness itself to me.

The door opened, and Lady Maud Trent was announced.

Looking up, I saw a tall slender figure in rich velvet, a beautiful face framed in fair hair with a frame of gold in it.

I acknowledged that any attempt to describe her would be hopeless.

She was simply the most lovely girl I had seen; even Daisy's bright beauty paled before hers.

The sight of such queenly loveliness sent a pang through my heart.

This fair-haired girl was my rival—was she who was to win my cousin's heart; and I cried to myself passionately that it was no wonder, he could not help loving one whom Heaven had made so fair.

Daisy, thinking doubtless of her diamonds, was most *empressee*; stately Gladys greeted her most warmly; while Lady Ullswater kissed the new-comer, a very unusual proceeding with her.

Then came the introduction to Lady Mary and Miss Grey.

Then they brought her to me, this girl whom they had asked to rival me, to win the Earl's heart, to divert him from loving me.

"Lady Maud Trent, the orphan daughter of the Earl of Trent—Lady Laurie Dundas, orphan daughter of the late Earl of St. Asaph."

The words fell glibly from Lady Ullswater's lips.

The next moment my rival's eyes were gazing in the depths of mine.

She knew all about me, it was evident. From her eyes came a flash of intelligence; it was gone in an instant, yet it was enough for me.

I guessed that she knew exactly why she had been invited, and that she felt sure of winning.

Ah me, how I envied her the fair patrician face and figure, the charm of her fair shining hair, of her exquisite grace!

It seemed to me that my dark St. Asaph beauty became absolute plainness before hers.

"A cup of tea?" she cried, in answer to something Gladys said.

"Of course I will have one. It was so cold and chilly.

"We stopped twice on the way, but I do not like railway-restaurant tea: I never can drink it."

She was a picture fair to see, standing there in her dress of brown velvet, a delicate flush on her face, holding the dainty cup of Sevres china in her hand—ah me, how fair, how fair!

As they stood round her, they seemed as though they could not make enough of her, as though they would overwhelm her with admiration and affection—they who had been so cruel and cold to me.

She laughed at their eagerness.

"How delightful it is to be with you again!" she cried.

"I have not been so happy since I left London."

"So much has happened since then," said Daisy demurely. And then they all looked at me.

"Yes," said Lady Maud, "you have had many changes.

"Do you like Yatton, Lady Laurie?" she added, turning to me.

"I think it is one of the loveliest places in England," was my answer.

"Laurie thinks Yatton perfection," said Gladys with a sneer.

"I ought to think it perfection," I said, "considering that it is the home of my ancestors."

If they were going to make common cause against me, I must protect myself.

Then Lady Maud was escorted by both sisters to her room.

I could not help contrasting her reception with mine.

Yet it was to my father they owned all their prosperity.

The happiest minutes of the day for me had always been the few spent in the drawing-room before dinner.

Lady Ullswater was always late; Gladys and Daisy never hurried.

It was an understood thing between Lance and myself that we should have a few minutes together then.

It often happened that he brought me a flower, and he always gave me kindly words and sunny smiles.

On this day I lost my cherished few minutes, for I had delayed a little over my dress, as my rival would be, I knew, in fairest array.

Lady Maud, I found afterwards had the highest appreciation of her own loveliness, and considered all the homage paid to it as her right.

I took pains with my toilette.

I chose my favorite dress—black velvet—and I made it picturesque with delicate maiden-hair fern and sprays of scarlet geranium.

I thought much more of how Lady Maud would look.

She was in the drawing-room before me, a very vision of delicate patrician loveliness.

Her dress was perfection—white silk and white lace cunningly intermixed and

trimmed with white water-lilies and graceful grasses—a dress that suited her dainty beauty to perfection.

She stood in my favorite nook, the great bay-window, and Lance was talking to her as only on the previous day he had talked to me.

Yet, when he saw me, his face brightened and he held out his hand in kindly greeting.

He had not forgotten me.

"See, Laurie," he said—"I knew you would like this;" and he held towards me a superb gloire de Dijon rose, the last of its race.

"I begged it for you," he said. "You must wear it."

Lady Maud looked at the rose.

The dainty flush on her face had deepened a little.

"Is that your favorite rose, Lady Laurie?" she said.

"How strange!

"It is mine also.

"You must find one for me, Lord St. Asaph,"

"I am afraid that is hardly possible," he replied.

"Maclean the gardener prizes his roses beyond anything else, and was very unwilling to part with this, as it was his last. This pale amber suits Lady Laurie," he continued; "but it is not your color. You should wear blush-roses."

"I will, if you will find them for me," she laughed.

"I am like your gardener; I prize my roses beyond all other flowers."

He made some laughing, evasive answer, to which she in turn replied in a similar spirit.

She was mistress of every art of fascination.

Her smile was as sweet as woman's face ever wore; delicious little dimples came and went.

There was a faint gleam of teeth white as ivory, and the sound of her laughter was sweet and silvery.

Heaven had indeed made my rival fair to see.

"Wear that rose Laurie," said the Earl, in a tone of authority.

Lady Maud gave him a quiet glance; but, to my mind, it was full of meaning.

I fastened the rose in the bodice of my dress, and I had its perfume to console me; for the Earl took Lady Maud in to dinner, and I saw but little of him that evening.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT pleased Lady Maud to be much with me, to seek my society, to take great interest in me; perhaps she thought to "kill me kindly," to smile upon me while she slew me.

I think, in any other circumstances, I should have liked Lady Maud; she was so beautiful, so bright, clever, and charming. Looking at the matter fairly, I cannot blame her for trying to win my young kinsman.

It was only natural, especially when his own mother and sisters were so ardent in the matter.

She had expressed great interest in my story.

It was a romance to her.

She never tired of talking to me about Pentarn House, and the years I had lived there without knowing anything about myself.

"I almost envy you the sensation of finding that Lord St. Asaph was your cousin," she said to me one day.

"I have had some experience and knowledge of men; I think he is one of ten thousand."

She looked at me with her open gaze, and I know she was trying to find out my secret.

Ah, my love, if I could but keep it!

During the first few days of her visit, Lord St. Asaph was continually engaged, and I hardly ever saw them together. One of his solicitors was down from London, and there seemed to be a great deal of business on hand.

When his legal adviser left, and he had more leisure to be with us, I saw that he admired her greatly.

No man could help that.

There was something half tender, half deferential in his manner to her.

Courteous and gallant always, he never appeared to greater advantage than with her.

I believe one of her chief attractions was that she managed to impress other people with a sense of their own cleverness.

Lance never seemed to tire of her bright conversation.

I felt that I was *triste* and uninteresting compared with her.

Great Heaven, what I suffered—what hopeless pangs of jealousy, what tortures of pain!

It had been bad enough before, when I had simply had to guard my secret jealously; it was ten thousand times worse now that I had to see a rival robbing me of every privilege that had been mine, and make no sign.

No more walks or rides with my cousin, no more happy hours in the cool green fernery, no more pleasant minutes in the drawing-room before dinner.

How my jealous heart ached, when Lance entered the room, to see every one make way for him, no matter who was by her side!

Lady Ullswater, Lady Mary, Gladys, Daisy—no matter who was talking to her—instantly left her to make way for him. He invariably went to her, but whether it was on this account, or because he saw the look of expectancy on her face, I do not know. She always received him with a cheerful look, a merry jest; and a laughing conversation would ensue between them.

Then, after a few minutes, he would look round for me, and the fever of my jealous brain would grow cool when I saw his kindly glance.

Though he was so much with her, though she engrossed his time and attention, he never failed to remember me.

To this moment I can recall the faint horrible sensation that sometimes stole over me—how my heart seemed to grow cold, how the color died from my face, and the light from my eyes.

There were times when I could neither see nor hear, when I was blind, deaf, and dumb with misery, for I began to believe that he loved her.

She was so blithe, so happy; his mother and sisters loved her so dearly; he was so engrossed with her; and every one seemed so entirely to regard the matter as settled that I could no longer doubt.

It was to me as though a funeral pall had fallen over my life.

I saw no longer the golden sunshine or the bright blue sky; the scarlet and brown of the woods were gray; everything was sad and dreary.

It was not that I had ever thought Lance would marry me—my thoughts had never travelled so far; it was the sense of the loss of him.

He had been all the world to me, he had been all I had to love, the one solitary being in this world who had been kind to me; and now without warning, a complete stranger to me had appeared on the scene and engrossed him.

So, as the dark pall fell over my life, and what had been a gleam of happiness changed into keen pain, my manner to him changed.

I knew and felt it; but I could not help it. I loved him as much as ever, but I avoided him.

He must have been blind not to see and understand.

Now, when he asked me to sing to him, my heart would throb with pain, my eyes fill with tears.

"Ask Lady Maud," I would answer; and a troubled look would come over Lance's face; but he never seemed to understand that I was jealous.

He was puzzled, at times he looked bewildered: but that my heart was burning with passionate love and passionate jealousy he never seemed even to dream.

There appeared to me to be a certain amount of heroism in bearing patiently the slights and insults of my household foes. It was a strange and unnatural position. The house had been my father's; it was the home of my ancestors; I was the sole direct descendant of the race, the daughter of the house—and yet I was less considered than any one else in it.

I had no authority, no position.

I knew that, if I went with Lady Ullswater to Ravenglas, I should be worse off still.

It was a strange position surely, and it was made sadder still by the coming of Lady Maud.

I saw now how kind they could be, and how they could welcome one they loved.

So darkness came over my life, and the bitterness of a great anguish filled my heart.

No one knew what I suffered, and no one tried.

My life was a burden to me, and every hour added to its weight.

"He loves her," I said to myself; "he must love her."

I lost my calm judgement.

"Trifles light as air are to the jealous
Confirmation strong as Holy Writ."

I made no allowance for the fact that Lady Maud was a guest, a friend, and that therefore my cousin was bound to pay her attention.

I believed that which my enemies wished me to believe—that he loved and would marry her.

I never spared myself any pain. If the Earl drove Lady Maud out, I watched them start.

If he asked her to walk with him in the grounds or the gardens, I must see them go and return.

I must dream of what they talked about, I must picture the two fair faces, until I cried out in my heart that I could not bear it.

So the coldness and the distance between my dear love and myself grew daily.

There were times when I longed to go to him and ask him why he loved her best, why he had chosen her, why he had passed me and my great love by—times when the words that I wished to speak seemed to come in a burning flood from my heart to my lips.

I thank Heaven that I never uttered them, that I preserved my girlish dignity and kept my secret.

Gladys and Daisy talked constantly before me, and always as though the engagement were settled.

All seemed happy but myself. I was a discordant element in the household, and they did not fail to let me see it.

"How curious it will seem when Maud is Countess of St. Asaph, and lives here!" said Gladys one morning to her sister. "I wonder, Daisy, when they will be married?"

"Lance is sure to wait the regulation year," was the reply; "he is very particular over such matters."

I wonder now at my own folly.

It did not occur to me that they were purposely misleading, purposely torturing me.

The idea became fixed in my mind that Lance was to marry Lady Maud Trent in a year.

Then life might end as soon as it liked for me.

I would go away and take my secret with me, bury it with myself.

I would never look on the beautiful beloved face again when he was married.

A few months remained to me of exquisite pain; then—well, then the heavens might fall!

So the coldness and darkness grew and grew between my love and me.

Lance seemed always as though he were pained by my conduct.

How could I go up to him and talk to him freely, as I had used to do, when that fair-haired girl was always by his side? She had taken my place.

"You are growing thin and looking ill, Lady Laurie," said Lady Mary to me one day; and I thought to myself, "No wonder, with the pain I suffer; it would be no wonder if I died."

Lady Maud never seemed to perceive my jealousy of her.

On every occasion she appropriated the attentions of the Earl as though they were hers by right.

One day we were all in the morning-room a large cheerful apartment overlooking the park, when he came in bringing some fine ripe peaches.

"See what I have brought!" he cried, in his genial kindly voice.

"Maclean says they are some of the best he ever grew."

He looked at me, and I felt that he was on the point of giving me the finest, when Lady Maud cried—

"How good of you, Lord St. Asaph! I know you will choose me a choice one."

This he did, with an allusion to Paris and the golden apple, which pleased her and brought a flush to her fair face.

When he laid a peach before me, I did not care to take it, for why should she have the choice?

Then the Earl seemed vexed.

So the coldness grew.

Every little incident, every misunderstanding added to it; nothing ever seemed to be right between my cousin and myself. O sorrowful days that seemed to have no ending, and that heralded so dark a dawn!

CHAPTER XX.

IT was a bright October afternoon.

The light of day was dying, and the soft gray shades of night were slowly creeping on.

It was a custom with all of us to spend some time in the conservatory before the dressing bell rung.

Some of the ladies liked to choose their own flowers, and it was a rendezvous for conversation and flirtation.

At the end of the conservatory rose a great dome of stained glass, beneath which one could sit and enjoy the sweet odor of the flowers.

Easy-chairs, couches, tables, books, had been placed there, and it was one of the most attractive nooks at Yatton.

On this day when it seemed to me my despair reached its height, I stood alone in this pleasant place.

I had been reading the story of a girl and her false-hearted lover, and, as I dwelt on it, all the sweetness and sadness of the love-story present with me, raised my eyes.

Quite at the other end, where luxuriant ivy and creepers almost hid them from view, I could see Lance and Lady Maud. His hand was on her shoulder, and he was looking eagerly into the beautiful drooping face.

Afterwards I knew of what he was speaking, and I understood the scene; at present it seemed to me as though he were making eager, almost impassioned love to her, while she listened with down-dropped eyes.

They stood engrossed in their own conversation, and I saw Lance bend down and kiss her white jewelled hand; then she looked up at him with eyes full of love and trust.

"That is their betrothal," I said to myself; and a faint half-suppressed sob rose to my lips.

I hastened away, heedless whither I went, or what I did, or what became of me, conscious only of a burning, bitter, horrible pain.

There was no comfort, no hope for me in my extreme misery.

I recalled how my mother had been stricken down when she heard that I was dead.

I wished in my heart that the news had been true.

I had loved so little, and the affection of my kinsman had been such a boon to me.

I paced backwards and forwards under the limes.

The sun had set.

A gray light was over earth and sky; the fallen leaves lay scattered on the grass; the wind wailed through the branches.

Yet, desolate as nature appeared, my desolation was greater.

For me I felt there could be no sunrise of hope, no springtide of love; for me no more was the happiness that belonged now by by right to another.

In my passionate misery I cried for death while the wind wailed through the trees and darkness fell over the earth.

As the lights began to glimmer in the windows of the mansion, I told myself that I could never go back to the old life again. I pictured the future.

Beautiful Lady Maud would be Countess of St. Asaph—would reign here where my mother had never reigned: to her happy lot would fall the love for which I would have laid down my life.

When once the young Countess of St. Asaph came to Yatton, I should never enter its doors again.

I should never love again.

As I had lived, so should I die—true to him, and to him only.

It was quite dark when I went into the house.

The dinner-bell had rung, and from a corner of the great hall I saw the brilliant party passing to the dining-room.

Lance was with Lady Maud, talking, laughing gaily; and I reflected with bitterness of heart that they did not miss me—no one seemed to notice or care that I was absent.

I went to my room; but before long a message came.

I was not quite forgotten, for Lance sent to inquire if I was not coming down to dinner.

He had remembered me then: in the exuberance of his own great happiness he had not forgotten to be kind to me. But I did not want his kindness; let him devote himself to Lady Maud.

I sent word that I was tired and should not want any dinner, and that I begged not to be disturbed.

Soon afterwards however a servant brought up a tray, on which were placed some choice grapes, with Lord St. Asaph's compliments, who begged that I would take something.

In my bitter, passionate, jealous pain I sent them away.

I would not touch them.

Then I sat picturing to myself how possibly, when he received my message, he might look sad or downhearted and think of me for a few minutes; but Lady Maud would be by his side, laughing, charming, and fair, and would dissipate his sadness.

What cannot one suffer, yet live on? I went to the window, and looked out upon the beauty of the chill October night, on the trees that bent mournfully in the wind, on the stars that shone in the sky, and I cried to Heaven to save me from myself, for my heart was chilled with desolation and torn with anguish.

I did not sleep, and the moaning of the wind accorded only too well with my sorrow. I had looked on what I believed to be the betrothal of the man I loved.

I had seen him kiss the hand of the girl who was my rival, and who was fairer than I.

Misery could reach no greater height, despair no lower depth, than this.

I went down a little earlier than usual in the morning, hoping the fresh chill air would revive me—would take the death-like pallor from my face and brighten my eyes.

To my great surprise, Lance was on the terrace, which was my favorite walk, because it overlooked the winding of the river and the bonnie woods at Yatton. He came to me at once.

"Laurie," he said gravely, "what is the matter?

"What is amiss, child, between us? You have changed so completely to me that I seem no longer to recognise my loving adopted sister."

He had drawn me to him, and stood looking with sad wondering eyes into my face.

"What is it, Laurie?

"What has arisen between you and me, dear?" he persisted.

My face flushed, and my eyes fell.

I could not tell him that I loved him, and that my heart was breaking because he was going to marry Lady Maud.

The words rose to my lips, but I knew they must not be spoken, not even to save my life.

"You have been so fearless and frank with me hitherto, Laurie," he said. "Now you hardly speak to me."

I would test him. I could not exactly ask him if it were true that he loved some one else, and was going to marry; but I could ask some question pertinent to the matter.

"I have been trying to think if I have in any way offended you," he went on. "I will own that, when you have seemed cold to me, I have resented it, and hoping to arouse some kindlier feeling in you, have stood aloof."

"That was not the way to manage you, though Laurie.

"I see it now.

"I shall not do it again.

"The next time you avoid me, or send back anything I consider good for you I shall come at once and see what is wrong. Why are you blushing? Let me look into your eyes, Laurie."

How could I? My shamed face drooped lower and lower.

"I cannot think," he said, "what has come between us."

Now for my test!

"Your love has so many claimants," I said half hesitatingly.

If he denied it, I might hope: if he assented, I should feel that all I had heard was true.

"Quite true, Laurie," he replied. "Love is boundless it its capacity."

Then it was true. If it had not been so, he must have said, "I love no one so much as you."

As I stood there, his arms half encircling me, his face bent over mine, my heart seemed to die within me; I felt the color leaving my face, the strength going from my limbs.

I felt that I would have given the whole world if I could have fallen dead at his feet.

I made a desperate effort to redeem myself.

I tried to still the throbbing of my heart, to control the passionate pain that racked my every nerve.

I tried to smile as I answered him, my lips were cold and stiff as the lips of one half dead.

"Laurie," cried my cousin suddenly,

"you are not well; you are out of spirits. I wish you would tell me what is wrong."

"Nothing," I replied; "there is nothing wrong.

"I hope you will be very happy in the future Lance."

A tender smile crept over his face, and I felt, with a bitter pang, that he was thinking of Lady Maud, and the future that was to be spent with her.

"I hope I shall, Laurie," he said. "Nay, as certainly as one can be assured of anything here, I am sure of it."

And as he spoke, with the old familiar gesture, he caressed the hair that had fallen partly over my shoulder, partly on his breast; his hand lingered on the dark shining waves, as it had when he found me first under the cedar at Yatton House. And he had loved some one else even then! A very flame of jealousy seemed to scorch my brain.

His kind words and caresses were not for me; they belonged to Lady Maud. Impatiently I cast away his hand.

"Do not touch my hair," I cried; "I do not like it. Do not touch my hair or my hands."

With a pained, startled glance, he withdrew from me.

His face flushed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not intend to displease you. I will be more careful.

"But how you have changed to me, Laurie! Great Heaven, how you have changed!"

"I should think it was time," I rejoined, with a laugh that sounded horrible even to myself.

"It is never too late to mend, and I am beginning to mend now."

"'Mending' means loving me less, Laurie," he said sadly.

"It could not and should not mean anything else," I replied, as I hastened away from him. I could not have remained there another moment, or have born another word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Copperfield Court.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

It would be difficult to point out the exact spot where Copperfield Court once stood.

Suffice it to say that the metropolis has been robbed of its existence a great many years ago.

It was no thoroughfare, being only a sort of bay out of a once great, fashionable river of a street.

It held six houses, two on each side and two across the end, and there was a placard bearing the words, "No pedlars permitted to enter."

Number one contained old Mr. Flack and his wife, but they were each seventy years old, and rheumatic.

Number two sheltered the deformed little librarian of a certain library in the city, and his consumptive young sister.

Number three held—now, they only know—a schoolmaster's widow and her four daughters.

Number four was occupied by an old lady who had a son at sea, an officer on a vessel in the navy.

He was always being expected home, and branches of coral, Chinese curiosities and boxes of foreign jellies and conserves attested to the fact that he did return occasionally, but the chances were that he would be in mid-ocean at any given date.

Number five was occupied by Miss Cornelia Copperfield, a single lady of eight-and-forty, and a very old poodle.

And number six, being haunted, was left to its ghost.

Probably want of patronage rather than the placard banished the pedlars.

The reason why Copperfield Court people set their faces so sternly against pedlars was that they were not genteel.

And the people of Copperfield Court were genteel or nothing.

Its occupants all lived on limited incomes, and not one of the ladies had ever earned a penny in her life.

Mr. Flack had a pension under the Government.

The librarian was connected with a wonderfully genteel society.

A naval officer's mother is a person of position.

And so is a schoolmaster's widow sometimes.

And Miss Cornelia Copperfield was the poor relation of the magnificent Copperfield who owned the court, was said to be worth a million, and who had presented the small dwelling in which Miss Cornelia lived to his cousin, her mother, a lady always alluded to by Miss Cornelia as "my late 'usband."

A ghost is seldom vulgar, though sometimes alarming, and the ghost at number six was that of a bankrupt banker who had shot himself.

Occasionally a carriage, with several men in livery perched upon it, paused at the entrance to the court, and a fat lady, in fine clothes, and a thin gentleman, with a great diamond on his bosom, entered Miss Cornelia Copperfield's door.

It was then whispered through the court that that lady's "family" had called upon her.

Thus all might have continued for many years but that Mrs. Honey came into her grandfather's property, after having quite given up to the idea of his disease, for he lived to be a hundred and two years of age, minus a few months, the exact number of which may easily be obtained by a reference to the registrar's book at Somerset House.

Feeling herself entitled to be a landed proprietor, she employed an agent to buy her a bit of a house.

The agent having looked about him, proposed No. 6, Copperfield Court.

Mr. Copperfield, weary of a tenant who paid no rent—we allude to the banker's ghost—agreed to the price offered, and one morning the housekeepers of the court peeped through their green blinds upon the arrival of Mrs. Rooney's household goods; and two boarders came with Mrs. Rooney. One was a young man who habitually wore a red shirt.

The other was a foreigner in a shabby old black.

He *looked* genteel, but alas! appearances are deceitful.

On the morning after his arrival he was seen to leave the court bearing a small tray on which were ranged in rows pipes of all sorts, except very costly ones.

They were china pipes, with painted flowers upon them, the humble clay dudeen, and others more or less aristocratic.

Pedlars were not admitted to the court, but one had come there to reside.

"That I am alive to-day," said the schoolmaster's widow, "is a proof that one can live through anything."

As for Miss Copperfield, she shut herself up in her flowery chintz bower, and seemed inclined to remain there for ever.

A week passed.

One night Miss Copperfield was awakened by awful groans.

She started up in bed and listened.

The groaning was at her window; she also heard raps.

She went to the window.

Within a foot of it she saw a face—her next door neighbor's, the pedlar of pipes.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply.

"Pardon, madame," replied a weak voice, with a strong French accent, "pardon, but I have some colics."

"Colics?" repeated Miss Coppersmith.

"Vera bad," responded the neighbor. "I expire of pain, and Madame Rooney goes of her cousin's child to the funeral, and in ze house is no one.

"Perhaps you vill 'ave a leetle *eau de vie*—brandee.

"Eh! you comprehend, madame?"

"Yes, yes," said Miss Copperfield, to whom returned a memory of genteel lessons in French, taken in her earlier days.

"We, Monshure; jer comprany—jer—" but the elegant memory was but a faint one, and she added, "I don't know about brandy—perhaps I have a little.

"I will see."

"Madame is an angel," responded the neighbor.

Miss Copperfield brought the brandy—about half a gill in a cologne bottle—and presented it on a small fire-shovel.

The neighbor, thanking her in a profusion of complimentary French, retired, but soon was heard to groan again more dismally than before.

"Are you worse?" called the lady through the shutters.

"I am vera bad," piped the sufferer, in an anguished falsetto.

"Perhaps a mustard plaster might relieve," suggested Miss Copperfield.

"Per'aps," moaned the Frenchman.

Miss Copperfield, who was really a tender-hearted soul, instantly rushed to her tiny kitchen, and soon approached the window again with the plaster between two soup dishes.

Placing them on the shovel, she waved it before her neighbor's window.

"The plaster," she said.

The plaster was taken with many thanks. Shortly the groans ceased.

Was he dead or relieved of pain, this man who had called her an angel? She called softly, "Are you better?"

"Ah, yes," replied the voice. "Ze plastaire is 'eavenly, like madame."

Miss Copperfield retired.

Early the next morning a tap came on her door.

It was her neighbor, with her plates well washed and her bottle refilled.

He had come to overflow with gratitude.

He declared that he should have expired but for her most suitable conduct, her delightful mustard-plaster, and he ended by a narrative of his own life, his fallen fortunes, and how he came to peddle pipes.

"I say to myself, what mattair vere no one knows me?" he said.

"Still, madame, I am a gentleman; sat I vould 'ave you know."

"I am sure of it," said Miss Copperfield.

Her guest departed.

Miss Copperfield sat thinking.

What handsome eyes he had! What a nice nose!

How romantic to fall from the aristocracy to pipes!

How he had looked at her!

Ah, Miss Copperfield, who had held herself too aristocratic for every suitor of her youth, found herself blushing.

That evening her neighbor called again.

He brought with him an offering, an ivory nut thimble, in a case shaped like an acorn.

Shortly, a sort of scandal spread through the neighborhood.

The pedlar, the vulgar pedlar, called on Miss Copperfield!

He took tea with her on Sunday afternoon!

Could such things be?

The family heard of it.

It called in its coach, with its red-cockaded footmen.

It ascended the steps. It seated itself in her parlor.

It was largely represented.

Two stout ladies, two thin gentlemen, and a very old lady, with a face like crumpled parchment.

They filled Miss Copperfield's chintz-covered room to overflowing.

They occupied all the chair, while she perched on the small round stool before the upright piano, and they addressed her.

"Cornelia," said the old lady, "we hear frightful news of you; that you are visited by a cigar pedlar!"

"He isn't a cigar pedlar," replied Cornelia.

"He's Monsieur Blanc. He sells pipes, auntv."

"This is flippant," said the old lady.

"A pedlar!

"We call to remonstrate."

"We hear you are engaged to him," said stout lady number one.

"And we call to warn you," said stout lady number two.

"Dismiss him at once," said the thinnest gentleman, "or we discard you."

"And disown you," said the other thin gentleman, "since you have forgotten you are a Copperfield."

"I was so lonely," she sobbed.

"You never even invite me to tea, and he's a—a gentleman."

"We say no more," replied the old lady.

"Yes, or no.

"Will you dismiss him?"

And she looked an anathema maranatha.

Miss Cornelia could not endure the excommunication.

She said—

"Yes."

The family then arose and departed.

She was left alone.

For an hour she bathed her poodle's head with her tears.

Then she heard a knock at the door, and arose to open it.

Monsieur Blanc appeared.

"Again I arrive myself, my angel!" he remarked.

"Oh, you must go!

"You must never come again.

"I have promised my family," sighed poor Cornelia.

"Ah, ze family!" cried Monsieur Blanc.

"Aristocrats.

"But, bah! never mind, mademoiselle. I adore you."

"Oh!" sighed Cornelia.

"Let us fly!" said monsieur.

"Let us go live—somevere—avay.

"Ve vill be 'appy.

"Ah, bah! ze family!

"Ze people of ze court so aristocratique.

"Come, ve vill fly.

"Marry me to-day."

He kissed her.

Neither of them were very old or ugly, and that which had never happened to Cornelia before happened then—she fell desperately in love on the spot.

"I don't care for one of them," she said.

"I will marry you."

Early next morning (he had the license in his pocket—"the artful!") two figures stole out of the court arm in arm.

They were those of Monsieur Blanc and Miss Copperfield.

They were wed.

Shortly after the first excitement of the elopement had ceased to thrill the court, a person duly authorized bore away the furniture of No. 5, and sold the house, and no one of the genteel occupants ever saw Miss Copperfield again.

The family disowned her, and the old aunt was very particular that Cornelia's name should never be mentioned in her hearing.

And indeed Cornelia would not face those outraged beings for the world.

In a little house over a small shop where pipes of all sort were sold, she lived with her husband.

She grew quite portly, and never was so gay in her life.

Together they walked in the Park of sunny Sundays, or went to the cheap seats of places of amusement, where they had much ado to hear or see anything, and they had nice indigestible little suppers at ten or eleven o'clock.

Whether she died happily or still lives in hopes of rivaling Mrs. Rooney's grandfather by seeing her hundred and second birthday, we know not, but we do know that for a long time her story remained a fearful legend in Copperfield Court.

KINGS AND SEIDLITZ.—On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Nepaul the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the King in full court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers; and having added water, the King drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were put in water, and swallowed by his Majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Nepaul is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his agony screamed, "Hold me down!" Then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy proof that kings are mortal.

WE can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

Bric-a-Brac.

CRICKETS.—These creatures are kept as pets in many countries. In China they are cherished as prize-fighters, treated with much care in life, and after death the honor of a silver coffin is accorded to a champion Cricket.

OLD CUSTOMS.—Old customs prevail to an astonishing extent in some parts of England. The curfew is still rung in many towns, although it is no longer obligatory on the people to go to bed when they hear it; and at Ripon a horn is blown at nine P. M. in memory of King Alfred, who presented a horn, still extant, to that city.

THE ONION.—In Spain and Portugal the onion forms one of the almost universal articles of diet. In addition to the peculiar flavor which recommends this vegetable, it is remarkably nutritious, ranking with the grains in regard to the quantity of gluten it contains. As the native laborer has found by long experience that a bit of cheese with his bread helps to sustain his strength, so the Spaniard adds to his crust of bread an onion.

THE NUMBER 9.—There are some curious facts about the number 9, which you may not have noticed before. Put down its multiples from 2 to 9—9 times 2 are 18, 9 times 3 are 27, and so on up to 9 times 9—81, 27, 36, 54, 63, 72, 81. Now, you will find that the two figures composing each of these numbers, when added together, make exactly 9—1 and 8, 2 and 7, 3 and 6, etc. Then again, if you read the line from right to left, instead of in the ordinary way from left to right, you will see that the amounts come to precisely the same, and stand in the same order—81 read backwards becomes 18, 72 backwards is 27, 63 becomes 36, and so on to the end, where 18 gives us 81 by being reversed. Finally, the first numbers of each pair, read forwards, gives 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and the last numbers read backwards produce a similar result.

THE CAT'S EYE.—Toward dusk, if we look at pussy's eyes, we shall see that the slits have greatly widened. At midnight the pupils will be as circular as those of the day, only very much larger in proportion to the size of the animals. This change is caused by the effect of light upon the mechanism of the eye, and it is invariable in the cats all over the world. The Chinese have long known and utilized this phenomenon. As we all know, they are very fond of cats, both as pets and for the table. In which latter taste they are perfectly right, for jugged cat is quite as good as jugged hare, and very few persons would discover the imposition if one were exchanged for the other. If, then, a Chinese wishes to tell the time on a cloudy day when the sun cannot guide him, he takes up the nearest cat, looks at its eyes, and from the width of the pupil can form a very good idea of the time.

THE HAIR MARKET.—At Morlans, a small town in the old Land of Bearn, now a portion of the modern department of the Lower Pyrenees, France, a human hair market is held every other Friday. Hundreds of trafficking hair-dressers then throng the little place from far and near in order to buy the hair of the young peasant girls fresh from the head. The dealers wander up and down the long, narrow High Street of Morlans, each with a new pair of bright shears hanging from a black leather strap around his waist, while the young girls who wish to part with their hair stand about in the doorways, usually in couples. The dealing is carried on in the best room in the house. The hair is let down, the tresses combed out, and the dealer names his price. This varies from half a crown to fifteen shillings. If a bargain is struck, the dealer lays the money in the open palm of the seller, applies his shears, and in a minute the long tresses fall on the floor. The purchaser rolls up the tresses, places them in a paper, and thrusts them into his pocket. The writer says that it is very rarely that a maiden can contemplate her fallen tresses disappear into the dealer's pocket without a gush of tears. But she consoles herself by exclaiming, "Well, it will grow again," and by looking at the money in her hand.

A SPOKEN NEWSPAPER.—The latest Parisian idea is a spoken daily newspaper. A hall or opera house is to be hired, a small admission fee charged and every evening a variety of brilliant talkers will rehearse the events of the day. The solemn talkers concise, striking, and inventing new phrases, will discuss political questions. Then a bright general news talker will describe the accidents and crimes. He will say, for example. "I went down to the house in such-and-such a street where a husband had shot his wife with a revolver. The hair of the victim was such a color, the wounds were so deep. I ascertained all the facts myself." Then the legislative reporter will reproduce the debates—with the personality of the speakers and description of the "scenes" and lively encounters. Then would come anecdotes and incidents in the lives of deceased persons, or of those who were attracting public attention. A lady would give an account of the latest dinner party, in full, with a brief description or illustration of the decorations and toilets. The dramatic and musical critics would then do their parts, followed by the advertising man with personal illustrations of the man or woman before and after taking the pulmonary syrup or the efficient hair restorer. With stereoptican pictures, sent by the new telegraphic process, of fires, floods, railroad accidents, new buildings, balls, carnivals, collisions and all the chief events of the day, it would doubtless be popular—at least, as long as its novelty lasted.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
  Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
  Here is a beautiful hope for you,
  A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
  The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover:
  Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
  Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
  Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
  To face the sun and to share with the morn,
  In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
  Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain:
And in spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
  And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
  Take heart with the day, and begin again.

THE MYSTERY OF BRITELEIGH HALL.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are many ups and downs in some lives, far more than are usually dreamed of by the few who, "born with a silver spoon in their mouth," pursue the even tenor of their path, unruffled by the cares and afflictions which crowd upon, and too often overwhelm the less fortunate.

Hard as it is to grapple with and bear the troubles which are inevitable to us in the ordinary course of nature, those we induce by our own indiscretion and folly are still more galling. I am afraid my case must rank among the latter, as you shall presently hear.

I will not inflict upon you my antecedents; sufficient to state that I am the son of a gentleman in good, though not opulent circumstances.

My father gave me an excellent education, and afterwards a fair start in life by articling me to a neighboring solicitor.

I might have done well, for I liked the profession, and was an apt pupil; but, unfortunately—as is the case with too many intellectual young men—I fell into evil company.

It is unnecessary to enumerate the steps, from bad to worse, which gradually led to my undoing; eventually, I so far disgraced myself that my indentures were cancelled.

Ashamed to meet my father, I went out into the world an outcast, with very little money in my pocket.

Failing other employment, I was at last compelled—though bitterly humble to my feelings—to accept the humble occupation of a common bailiff, and here my narrative begins.

"Meredith," said my chief to me one bright May morning, when I waited upon him for instructions, "I wish you would run down to Briteleigh in the matter of Warley against Wintock, and take possession in the usual manner.

"You will be more than ordinarily careful, as we have to do with a very subtle customer.

"Jones has already been down in the neighborhood, but has returned unsuccessful and disheartened.

"I hope, however, that you will have better luck.

"When once within the premises, you had better sleep with one eye open, if you can so manage it."

Now, I rather prided myself upon my professional dexterity, and this my employer knew; but it would have been childish to boast before him.

I smiled, and said nothing.

Some other directions followed, of no importance to my tale; and after packing a few necessaries in a satchel, I started for Briteleigh.

It was the dusk of evening when I arrived at my destination, and I forthwith proceeded to reconnoitre the premises in which I was for a time to domicile as the humble representative of the "majesty of the law," and take under my surveillance the goods, chattels, &c., of Arthur Wintock, Esq., until either the just claims of Warley Warley, Esq., of Warley Hall, should be fully and duly satisfied, together with all legal expenses incurred; or the said goods, chattels, etc., should be publicly brought to the hammer.

On my arrival at the village of Briteleigh, I went at at once to have a sight of the house entrusted to me.

Briteligh Hall was a large, gloomy, old-fashioned building of the preceding century, and stood at some distance from the main road, and in the centre of a park of considerable extent.

The original edifice seemed to have been added to at different periods; for the superstructure rose in a motley succession of triangular gabled ends from the outhouses to the principal roof, which, surrounded by a parapet, and crowned with enormous stacks of tall chimney-pots, capped the whole.

It struck me at the first glance, that however strongly bolted and barred below, it would be easy for any burglar to scale the height and effect an entrance by one of the numerous garret casements which fronted the parapet, unless the same were strongly secured.

However, as I had no thought of entering the house by this way myself, and as it was too late to hope to effect an entrance at all that evening, I returned to the village, and walked into the Three Nags, a comfortable roadside inn, about a hundred yards from the park gates.

I entered the snug bar-room and seated myself.

It was occupied only by the landlord and two other persons, tradesmen of the village.

The three were drinking and chatting quietly.

"Fine evening, sir," said mine host, as, noticing that I was a stranger, he saluted me respectfully.

"What will you have?"

"A glass of ale.

"Can you accommodate me for the night, landlord?"

"By all means sir—second floor back," said mine host.

"Going to stay long?"

"Hum!

"That depends upon circumstances. At any rate, I may require it for three or four nights at least."

I felt disposed to secure a night-lodging for a short time; for in our line we are by no means sure when or how we shall be able to obtain access to the premises of which we are to take temporary "possession."

Besides, my inn expenses would be refunded; a few extra shillings were, therefore, of no consequence.

My entrance, and the bustle of the landlord had interrupted the talk for a while; but after a few commonplace remarks, such as usually pass between strangers, I settled down quietly to my ale, and the conversation was resumed.

"They do say he used her most cruelly, poor young lady," said the stouter of the tradesmen, who sat nearest the fireplace, and who appeared to be indignant about some point which had been mooted.

"Cruelly!

"Well, I should think he did," replied the other.

"Ah, it was a sad affair for her when her poor father died.

"How he could leave her in the guardianship of such an old curmudgeon beats my understanding."

"Well," replied the other, "he didn't show the black-feather so much while the old man was alive; and they say he was greatly disappointed that his brother did not leave him a good share of the property.

"It appears he bequeathed nearly all to Miss Maria, his only daughter, allowing, however, a handsome sum per annum to her guardian, to meet the expenses of bringing her up.

"It is said that the latter tried to force her into a marriage with her cousin, his son George, as unprincipled as himself, and as reckless a spendthrift and gambler as ever handled the dice."

"I suppose that was before I came into the village.

"You know I only left the north last Christmas a twelvemonth. But where is the young lady now?"

"That's a question neither I nor any one else in the village of Briteleigh can satisfactorily answer.

"About all we know is, that she *was* at the Hall.

"The Squire gave out a twelvemonth after her father's death, that she had gone to Paris to complete her education; but no one ever saw her go, or has ever seen her since.

"There are never any letters in a female hand received at the hall, either from France or elsewhere—at least so asserts Simmons, the post-master.

"But, the servants—do they never speak of her?

"Surely they must know."

"He keeps none that are allowed to enter the house, except a big bully of an Italian fellow, whom he brought from abroad, for he was formerly a resident in Italy, and had only returned to England a year or two before his brother's death—and a cross-grained old woman, who is as impenetrable as adamant, for no one can ever get anything out of her.

"Neither the gardener, nor the odd man who jobs about the premises and looks after the grounds, is allowed to intrude.

"The major part of the house is shut up as closely as if the whole were uninhabited.

"However, it is supposed to be full of real good furniture, for old Mr. Wintock lived in great style, and none has ever been known to be disposed of."

Hitherto, I had taken but little interest in the conversation; for I was busily employed in ruminating upon my plans for the morrow.

Though they had spoken of the Hall, it had not fixed my attention.

"But when the name of Wintock was mentioned, it roused me at once, and I immediately asked:

"Are you speaking of Mr. Wintock—up the way?" pointing with my thumb in the direction of his mansion.

"The very same, sir," replied the stout man, glad to have another interested auditor.

"Ah," he continued, "there's something exceedingly mysterious about the disappearance of that young lady.

"Do you know, some even go so far as to hint foul play.

"I don't think so, though.

"But certain it is, you wouldn't catch one of the village people crossing the park after dark."

"Indeed!

"Why not?"

"Why, sir, you see I don't take heed of such superstitious nonsense myself; but it is whispered among the poorer folk that a white face is sometimes seen at the windows at unearthly hours, and that fearful shrieks have occasionally been heard at midnight.

"You know what a country village is, and how easily a place obtains the repute of being haunted.

"Once upon a time, some of our fellows would steal up there after dark to catch a rabbit or two, for there is a warren on the far side of the house; but I venture to say that not one of them would be hardy enough to try now for all the rabbits in the country.

"There are reports, too, that old Wintock, or he and his son together, have outrun the constable."

"Oh!

"Is it true, think you?"

"I think it is.

"They do say that the life Mr. George and his father lead has involved both very deeply in liabilities which neither can meet.

"Drinking, horse-racing, gambling, and, if people are to be credited, swindling, are to be numbered among their accomplishments.

"The last dodge was a clever, though a rascally one."

"Hum!

"What might that be?"

"Well, it seems that old Wintock had run matters so close that he was daily threatened by one of his tradespeople with an execution.

"As he owed largely, he bethought himself that if this was once suffered to take effect the rest of his creditors would be after him immediately.

"To save matters, he goes to Mr. Warley, of Warley Hall, in Downshire, of whom he had some knowledge, represents that he is staying in his neighborhood for a short time, and that, in consequence of expenses which young Wintock has incurred at college, he has occasion for a few hundreds; and so induced the old gentleman to advance him the money on a note of three months at good interest.

"When the time expired, the note was dishonored—not a penny to meet it, at least at the banker's.

"Then young Wintock was not at college?"

"Not he.

"It was all a scheme to get rid of the present difficulties.

"But I suppose old Warley is down upon them at last rather sharp."

All this I knew before, but was not aware that it was also known at Briteleigh.

The old proverb says, "Ill news travels apace."

It is astonishing how rapidly the misfortunes or crimes of even the most wary get noised abroad, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to keep them concealed.

I did not, however, enlighten my friend as to my foreknowledge, though I could not help thinking that he partly guessed the import of my visit to the village.

But I did not deem it expedient to satisfy his evident curiosity, lest in some way it might embarrass my movements.

I accordingly took an early opportunity of changing the subject; and, after spending a very pleasant evening in social chat, retired to rest.

I rose early next morning, and sauntered into the park, making a circuit, to examine the house more thoroughly.

If possible, it appeared more sombre and uninviting by daylight than on the previous evening.

Not that I attached much importance to the tale of my informant about its being haunted; but its heavy closed windows and its general dilapidated look gave it altogether a chilling appearance, which jarred dismally with the fresh spring scenery around.

I cautiously neared the house and made a careful reconnoisance.

Apparently, no one was stirring. The front door I found was fastened.

I went quietly round to the yard at the back and tried the latch of the kitchen door. It was fastened also.

"Hullo, guv'nor, what do 'ee want?"

I fairly started, and looked up, for I had thought myself unperceived. I could for the moment see no one.

"Wants to rob the house, do 'ee?" the voice continued.

"Wait till I calls the measter to 'ee. Thief, Thief?"

At the same moment the barking of a large dog broke forth within the house. I grasped my heavy walking-stick more tightly; it had a loaded handle.

I did not feel altogether comfortable.

The voice was that of the gardener. He came into the yard through a small gateway which I had not observed, and which led into the garden.

He held a long three-pronged fork in his hand.

I saw at a glance that move the first was defeated.

Supposing the inmates to be ignorant of my arrival, my plan had been to cower quietly by the door until opened for egress, which I had calculated would be early in the morning, by one of the domestics, either for water, as there was a pump in the yard, or for some other purpose, and then slip in with a dash.

Once in, I did not despair of holding my ground, for I had on me a couple of very pretty "persuaders," in case of attempted violence—a pair of pocket pistols.

"There!" I said quietly; "stop that confounded noise. You know better than that. Is Mr. Wintock in?"

The man grinned. "Can't 'xactly say. Dunno. Which on 'em?"

"The elder Mr. Wintock. I want to see him on particular business."

"Do 'ee?"

"Here; come this way a minute," I whispered, at the same time holding up a dollar between my finger and thumb and stepping under cover of the eaves of an outhouse.

"Now, don't you think you can get me speech with Mr. Wintock this morning for this little bit of stuff?

"You don't pick up dollars every day, I dare say."

I had hastily determined to secure the fellow as an ally if possible, and felt that a bribe was the only means of doing so.

He scratched his head, grinned, and looked wistfully at the bit of paper.

"Oi dares to say I could—out of doors;" and he stretched out his hand for it.

"Not so fast, my man. You must earn it first.

"It must be inside.

"You are not such a fool but that you guess my business here.

"Let me only put one foot within the doorway, and it is yours."

The gardener gave me a peculiar look, and burst into a loud haw-haw! as he turned away.

"No use, measter! T'other chap tried that little game."

I saw my scheme was frustrated, and that there was no help for it.

Nevertheless, I hung about the premises for some time, but to no purpose.

I went away for awhile, and returned again as stealthily as I could.

I watched the house for days, and from every available corner that I could use as a hiding-place.

The inmates were too much upon their guard.

It appeared there was a pump in the scullery as well as in the yard, and plenty of coal in the cellars.

The place seemed victualled for a siege.

Not a soul ever passed or repassed the door, at least with my cognizance.

What orders were issued, were given to Hodge from an upper window, inaccessible by me.

At last I determined to give up watching, and try if I could not accomplish my purpose in some other way. I withdrew, foiled, but not defeated.

Thus matters remained for some time, until I began to think I should fare no better than my predecessor, and to grow dispirited; when a lucky accident turned up, which aided me not a little.

One afternoon, disgusted with my ill success, I had taken a walk round the park, and had nearly reached the side remotest from the Hall, when I was startled by hearing sounds of altercation and loud screams for help.

I did not hesitate an instant; but in two minutes had scaled the park palings and leaped into the lonely by-road which bounded them on that side.

It was well that I did so; for I was just in time to render efficient aid to an elderly female vainly attempting to hold her own against two villainous-looking tramps. The old dame was a carrier from Briteleigh to a neighboring town, whither she went three times a week with her cart and blind pony, to fetch and carry for the villagers, packages and parcels of all descriptions, from a lady's dress to half a pound of tea.

The rascals attempted to help themselves to some of the numerous provisions in the vehicle; and being resisted by her, were just on the point of using violence when I rushed unperceived to the rescue, and caused the fellows to beat a hasty retreat.

The dame was profuse in her thanks for my timely assistance, and earnest in her way to make me some recompence.

The poor old creature had been terribly alarmed, and shook like an aspen.

In assisting her to repack her things, and in trying to reassure her, I very naturally inquired where she was going.

"Deed, an' I be goin' on to the Hall."

The mention of the Hall arrested my attention, and an idea immediately occurred to me.

This time, however, I determined to experimentalize, without taking my ally into my confidence.

"Going to the Hall, mother, are you?" I said carelessly.

"Ah! I suppose you take parcels there very often, of course?"

"Why, yes, I do, and I don't now. I go every fortnight for the linen.

"The family don't wash at home; they send it all to Mrs. Biggs at the village.

"Them clothes-baskets you see there," she added, nodding to them, "are for the Wintocks; I'm goin' to leave 'em as I go along."

"Well, dame," I said, "I am only out for a stroll.

"Perhaps those scamps may be lurking about somewhere, to give you another turn as soon as I am fairly out of sight.

"Suppose I ride a little way with you for protection.

"What say you?"

The dame willingly assented; and I mounted the cart beside her.

It was pretty closely packed with sundry parcels, besides the baskets in question, and well secured behind with a coverlet, tied down to the hinder part of the cart.

The blind pony started at a shambling trot.

Mrs. Stokes and I got into conversation.

"How do you contrive to get these great baskets out of the cart an' into the house?"

"Oh, that's easily done.

"I untie the cloth behind; and Martha—that's the old woman at the Hall—or else the Italian servant, helps me in with 'em."

And so we jogged on, chatting, round the exterior of the park, until within a few dozen yards of its gates.

"Dame!" I said suddenly, "I did you a good turn a little while back; now I want you to do one for me in return."

Mrs. Stokes was taken at a disadvantage,

and looked at me with a perplexed expression upon her countenance.

She clearly did not know what to make of my observation.

"I see that your cart is well filled behind," I continued, "so as to screen any one in front from observation, while you are unloading the baskets, if he crouches in this spare place by the seat.

"Now, I have a fancy just to ride up close to the Hall, so as to get a peep at it unperceived, and which I can easily do through this small hole in the side of the cart.

"I have heard a great deal of talk about the old place during the short time I have been in this part of the country, and feel a little curious; but, for a certain reason of my own, I don't wish to be seen by the inmates."

"Mercy me! man!" ejaculated the old lady, with a pull at the reins that brought the blind pony to a standstill, almost flinging him upon his haunches, "what can you want such a thing as that for?

"I hope you mean no harm. Surely your face is too honest for a" ——

"Burglar," said I, finishing the sentence for her.

"Now, that's very complimentary indeed—after the assistance I gave you just now. I never heard of a thief interfering to prevent a robbery."

I spoke as if offended, and could see the poor old creature's feelings were hurt.

"No, no!

"I didn't mean that. But it seems such an odd thing like."

"Dame, I suppose they pay you pretty regularly up there?"

"Humph!

"I wish I could say they did.

"Owe me a matter of half-a-dozen dollars. Always behind.

"Promise to pay. Get a little by dribs and drabs.

"It's hard lines, though, for an old body like me."

"Ah, now! let me do as I say, and here's ten dollars for you; that will clear the debt and leave you a little balance besides."

The old lady looked at me hard in the face, and then at the coin.

"I understand," she said; "a friend of the family—wants to see without being seen, before making yourself known.

"Just come from abroad, perhaps, eh?

"No! young man; put up your money. One good turn deserves another.

"It shall never be said that old Sally Stokes was too greedy to return a favor without being paid for it, so you may just do as you please."

"Thank'ee, mother.

"I knew you'd oblige me.

"If ever I have the chance, I'll repay you with interest; but I shall insist upon your accepting this at least," at the same time slipping a coin into her palm.

"Now, don't speak to me, or take any more notice of me than if I was a young sucking-pig for the Squire's table."

So saying, I crouched down in the coveted corner, and disposed a few of the parcels so as to effectually screen me from observation.

In a few seconds more we had entered the park.

Jog, jog, up the long avenue, through the wicket gate, and up to the back door. The dame alighted, rang the bell, and commenced unfastening the coverlet behind.

An upper window was opened.

"Oh, it's only Mrs. Stokes with the linen," said a female voice.

"Wait till I chain up the dog:" and the window was immediately closed again.

I began to feel nervous for the success of my plan.

Soon the door was opened; and with a passing observation, the female servant of Mr. Wintock commenced assisting Mrs. Stokes with the first and largest basket of linen.

I waited till I saw them enter the house and turn up a long passage; then, hastily alighting from the cart, I slipped in softly after them.

CHAPTER II.

AS I quietly glided across the entrance lobby of Britelelgh Hall, in the wake of Mrs. Stokes and the housekeeper, I looked about hurriedly for some place within which I could conceal myself for a few minutes.

The scullery-door stood open.

There was no one within the room.

I stepped in, and gently closing the door, waited patiently, listening for the unloading of the remainder of the linen and the departure of Mrs. Stokes.

What she thought of my sudden disappearance, I am unable to state.

She did not, however, to my knowledge, express openly any manifestation of surprise.

Perhaps she feared that if she did so, it might implicate her in some unpleasant affair, and therefore wisely chose to be silent; or, more probably, thought that I was, as she expressed it, 'a friend of the family,' stealing upon them unawares.

Watching my opportunity when the coast seemed clear, I stealthily sallied forth, and made for the entrance-hall and for the principal staircase.

Probably the dog had not been unchained for I neither saw nor heard anything of him.

On reaching the first landing, I observed a door partly open.

The room was superbly furnished.

"The drawing-room," said I to myself. Within, in an easy-chair, sat a gentleman considerably past middle age, but tall and robust.

The first glance at his countenance revealed a compound of the repulsive and the cunning, mingled with deep traces of continuous dissipation.

He was reading a newspaper.

I hesitated a moment, and then stepped boldly into the room.

He looked up with an impatient expression of surprise and annoyance.

"Mr. Wintock, I presume?"—making a low bow.

"What do you want here, fellow?" he replied, starting to his feet.

"How dare you intrude into a gentleman's mansion and private apartment after this fashion?"

"Very sorry to discommode you, sir, but business is business. I am here on the part of Mr. Warley."

And then I briefly explained the nature of my commission, and showed him my authority.

He got into a towering passion, and turning to the mantel-piece, rang the bell violently.

"You sneaking, pettifogging bumbailiff, leave my house this instant.—Here, Bennetti!"—raising his voice—"Benetti, you rascal, I want you!—Martha, loose the dog!"

Quietly walking to the door, I shut it, turned the key, and set my back against it.

Mr. Wintock seized the heavy drawing-room poker and advanced towards me.

"You scoundrel! unlock that door; and stand out of the way this instant or I'll smash——"

"Oh, if that's your game, governor, you had better not try it on," I interrupted, drawing one of my pocket companions and just showing him the muzzle; for my blood began to warm.

"I don't want to do anything uncomfortable; but you know self-preservation is the first law of nature.

"If you are going to knock a hole in my cranium, I shall try and drill one in yours.

"Not a perfectly legal act, perhaps, but certainly expedient under the circumstances.—Now, sir,' I continued, 'it's no use your getting into a passion with me, because I'm only an agent, you see, and obliged to do the bidding of my superiors. Besides, you will only make matters worse."

The first outbreak of passion over, he calmed down a little.

"Well that's true," he replied, "as far as it goes.

"And how on earth you contrived to get in, I can't imagine."

"All stratagems, sir, are fair in war, you know."

"Did you get in—through one of my people?"

"No, sir; I did not."

"Hem!" he muttered to himself; "I am glad there are no traitors in the camp.—They need not have been so sharp with me," he continued, addressing me. "The money will be paid without fail in a week at the latest."

"Extremely glad to hear it indeed, sir. I sincerely hope it will.

"In that case, you need not care about my troubling you for a few days. I don't wish to interfere with your family arrangements in any way, or to do anything inconsistent with my duty.

"Lodge me comfortably and feed me fairly, and you'll scarcely know I'm here. I'm used to this sort of thing, sir; you need not mind me in the least, I can assure you."

He had put down the poker, and was leaning against the mantel-piece.

Some one tried the door, and then tapped quickly.

"Did you ring, sir?"

It was Martha's voice.

I unlocked the door and stood behind it.

Mr. Wintock stepped across the room and opened it.

"Come again in a quarter of an hour."

"Very well, sir."

Martha retraced her steps down-stairs.

"Now, Mr,—a—a——"

"Meredith, sir, at your service."

"Mr. Meredith, then, as you seem to be a reasonable fellow, perhaps, all things considered, it will be as well to waive my first intention of pitching you headlong out of the window, and try to accomodate you during your brief stay as well as our humble and limited means will permit."

He said this with an air of chagrin and sarcasm that told plainly how much he was irritated at being overmatched.

"Meanwhile, you shall, as you request, lodge well and be fed well until you take your august departure."

Some conversation, relative to the matter in hand followed.

After a short time, he rang again for Martha, who after a brief colloquy received instructions to conduct me to the apartment I was to occupy.

"Mr. Meredith," he said, as I was bowing myself out of the room, "there is one thing I should wish you to understand. We are very quiet people, and dislike being disturbed at night.

"The dog has the range of the house after ten o'clock.

"It would be as well to keep your room after that hour till the servants are about in the morning.

"He is an extremely savage beast, and some accident might occur."

"Indeed, Mr. Wintock?

"Then would it not be advisable to avoid all risk, to keep him constantly chained up?"

I laid my hand carelessly on my breast-pocket as I spoke.

He understood the hint, and replied good humoredly: "Well, well,: perhaps it would. Martha, tell Benetti to attend to it."

He meditates a moonlight departure, thought I, as he left the drawing-room.

"We shall see."

I resolved to be more than ordinarily vigilant.

The room allotted for my temporary accommodation was in an upper story, in an angle of the building overlooking the most pleasant part of the park, and on the opposite side to that more immediately tenanted by the family.

It was comfortably furnished, and my meals were regularly and liberally served to me.

I did not, however, get very much repose.

My chief's was caution, "to sleep with one eye open."

Mr. Wintock's behavior at our first meeting, and especially his hint about the dog; together with the jealous suspicion with which Benetti evidently watched my every movement whenever I left my apartment—determined me to keep on the alert. It was my custom to remain the greater part of the night in my room, sometimes with a light, oftener without one, and as the weather was tolerably warm, not unfrequently with the window open.

What sleep I had was chiefly by snatches in the daytime.

It was on the fifth night after establishing myself in my quarters at the Hall, and the great clock had struck the solemn hour of twelve.

The house was wrapped in silence; not a sound seemed to break the stillness of the night.

I had been reading, and overcome either by the lassitude consequent upon being shut up for several days, or the drowsiness attendant upon a protracted period of watchfulness, or perhaps by both, had dropped off into a dreamy doze.

On the other side of the room and opposite the centre table at which I was sitting, hung a large mirror; behind me was the door, shielded by a very handsome screen covered with richly ornamented oriental designs.

Something partially roused me, and I looked up in that half-conscious, half-somniferous state subsequent to what is denominated as "forty winks."

My candle was flickering in the socket.

By its varying and fast decreasing light stood dimly revealed in the reflection of the mirror before me the vision of a haggard female face, peering at me intently round the extreme fold of the screen, which reached to within a yard of my chair.

Such an expression! had never seen before on mortal physiognomy, nor ever wish to see again.

Long raven-black hair hung dishevelled over a face, pale and haggard, the bloodless lips closed over the clinched teeth with desperate resolution.

The brilliant flashing eyes glittered with an almost maniacal laugh.

Distorted as were the features, they still bore traces of singular beauty.

For the first time since entering the Hall, the strange story of the "white face," which I had heard at the Three Nags, flashed across my memory.

For a moment, sense and reason seemed to reel, and I had well-nigh fallen from my chair.

Suddenly, the lips parted in an attempt to speak, and the figure extended its attenuated arm, as if to touch me.

At the same moment, a brawny hand was placed over its mouth, and it was forcibly dragged back behind the screen just as my expiring candle rallied for an instant and shot up its last bright gleam of flame. Then all was darkness.

Springing to my feet, I rushed to the door, overturning both chair and screen in my haste.

There was neither trace nor sound of any one near my chamber.

The lofty staircase, the long passages, were silent and deserted.

It was with sensations not to be described that I returned to my room, lighted a fresh candle, and sat watching and listening eagerly the remaining part of the night; but nothing occurred.

Nor was there the next day, on the part of the inmates, the most trifling indication that anything unusual occurred.

I forbore to ask any questions, and kept my own counsel, determining, however, as far as it was possible, to unravel the mystery.

With this purpose in mind, I resolved not to confine myself so closely to my room as heretofore.

Of the supernatural I did not for a moment dream.

It struck me that the face said to be occasionally seen at the windows, and which had certainly appeared to me, might possibly be a clever device, in the one case to frighten unwelcome visitors from the premises, in the other to bring about my own speedy departure.

Yet that dark sinewy hand—unless the whole thing were a delusion on my part—evidently coerced and prevented the intention of the figure.

Then, again, it occured to me that possibly it might be some insane member of the family, whom it was desirable to keep secluded, and yet not necessary to send away to an asylum, and who had during the night broke away from restraint.

If so, what right had I to interfere, or to intrude myself upon Mr. Wintock's private affairs?

I could not satisfy myself, and waited in a fever of excitement for some clue to guide me.

So intensely absorbed did I become, so nervously anxious to discover the locality of my mysterious visitant, that I almost forgot the special business upon which I was engaged.

The next few nights passed without any further interruption of my privacy.

My overwrought feeling gradually cooled down, and I began to question within myself whether or not the whole transaction was not a creation of my own imagination, a horrible nightmare, consequent upon the uneasy position in which I had sat and dozed.

Dispassionate reasoning had almost brought me to this conclusion, when all doubts were solved by what afterwards occurred.

Though of course I had the liberty of the whole house, which to a certain extent I availed myself of, it was my custom, at intervals during the day, to stand for a while at the open window of my room, to inhale, for health's sake, the fresh country air wafted over the demesne of that noble park.

My room had indeed two windows; but one of these only looked out upon a receding angle of the house, a few feet distant; the other at which I generally stood, commanded a view of the whole park.

Rural scenery is to me at all times an exquisite delight.

I have stood hours at that ancient Gothic window, gazing upon the grand old trees, broad expanse of sward, decked with bright spring flowers, and listening with enthusiasm to the melody of the countless merry song-birds that broke upon the stillness of that dreary mansion.

One evening, just at dusk, I was leaning out, watching the fading twilight, and deeply intent upon the liquid music of a couple of nightingales, which had taken up their abode in a cluster of trees not far from the house, and were warbling their ravishing strains with thrilling effect in the solemn stillness of that deserted park.

As I listened to them, some tiny scraps of a material of fine texture, apparently cut or torn from a lady's dress, dropped fluttering past me from above.

On looking up, I beheld—attached to an improvised line of the same material, consisting of strips tied together, and which was evidently let down from an upper window—a white pocket-handkerchief loosely folded.

I could just discern a hand signalling me to secure the handkerchief.

Though startled, I lost not a moment in doing so.

The line was withdrawn, and the hand immediately disappeared.

Shutting the window, I struck a light, and sat down in no little haste to ascertain what this might mean.

On opening the handkerchief, I found the interior covered with writing in large characters, not inscribed with pen or pencil but seemingly traced with a piece of coal or a portion of burnt stick.

With some difficulty, I deciphered the writing, as follows:

SIR—I beseech you to pity and aid an unfortunate lady, imprisoned in her own house, and deprived of her rightful property by the grossest villainy. If you are a gentleman, be the instrument of my release.—Next room but one to the roof—same size and arrangement of windows as your own—locked in.

MARIA WINTOCK.

"Then the tale I heard at the Three Nags has some foundation after all," I inwardly exclaimed, as every nerve trembled with excitement.

Refolding the handkerchief, I leaned back in my chair to cogitate upon this strange communication.

"The Hall is indeed haunted, yet by no spirit, but a being of flesh and blood. This is no maniac's epistle; nor was the apparition in my room a freak of imagination. No wonder the young lady disappeared so suddenly.

"Ah, Mr. Wintock, that is your scheme, is it?—a prisoner till she accepts the hand of your worthless profligate son, and then her fortune will be a nice plum to relieve you from your difficulty.

"I wonder you have not killed her outright.

"I suppose that would not serve your purpose.

"Help you, poor lady.

"Yes: that Jack Meredith will, scapegrace as he has been, if he has but half a chance.

"But how?"

Ah, how?

There was the rub.

My duty forbade me to leave the house for assistance, and if I did so, I might not be able to effect an entrance again; and supposing this gained, might she not in the meantime be spirited away far beyond risk of discovery?

Should I resort to open violence, the odds were terribly against me.

George Wintock, doubtless a strong, active fellow, in ripe manhood.

His father, an antagonist by no means to be despised; and that brutal-looking Italian, who seemed to possess the strength of a Hercules.

That scheme would not work. What should I do?

How communicate with my fair and oppressed correspondent.

After some consideration, it occurred to me that unless prevented, she would doubtless be on the watch for some kind of reply, and that I might avail myself of the same method of communication which she had tried with success.

Taking out my pocket-book, and tearing from it a dozen leaves, I wrote on one of them as follows:

MADAME—

I am only a bailiff in possession, but heartily at your service. I will be at the

window to-morrow night when the Hall clock strikes ten. Tell me how I can assist you. If you are prevented from communicating with me then, let the little scrape fall as before as soon as an opportunity offers. I will keep a sharp lookout.

Your obedient servant,

J. MERREDITH.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED]

I CAN tell you that myself, my lady. He did go.

"You had just returned from a ride, and were standing by your horse on the terrace steps when he came back.

"You basked him whether he had seen the bridge, and he said 'Yes.'

"That was close upon six o'clock. At what hour had you left the house?"

"I do not remember," Lady Gladys answers vaguely.

"I can tell you.

"You left at three, and Mr. 'Ereward left about five minutes after you.

"He walked away towards the mill.

"There's them in the house can tell a good deal, my lady, and there's more to come.

"Did you notice hanything peeoolliar about Mr. 'Ereward's manner after that date?"

"No, certainly not."

"Others did then—at the hinquest. I've been told he looked as pale as the corpse itself.

"And the night it was found, I've been told, he looked like a dazed man down at the mill—never spoke 'aye,' 'yes,' or 'no,' to any one.

"I've spoken to the girl; but she either knows nothing, or she's as obstinate as a mule.

"I could make nothing of her.

"She looks uncommonly like a person that's got something upon her mind, though.

"I never saw any one in such a fright as she was the other day when I walked into the kitchen of the mill down there and basked her a few questions."

Lady Gladys looks very much in the same predicament; but her presence of mind does not forsake her.

Even yet she is too utterly incredulous to feel much horror or surprise; the full meaning of what she has heard is only dawning upon her by degrees.

She stares at the man with wide-open blue eyes, and the diamond-decked hand holds the back of the chair with a steady grasp.

"By your own showing, my lady, this young gentleman was absent from Kingscourt on the hevening of the murder from about three o'clock in the afternoon until six.

"The shot that killed Robert North was fired at four."

Lady Gladys does not know what she may have said to criminate Hereward.

She could not have answered other than she did if she had not answered at all. But she is stricken with a sudden vague remorse.

"I have said nothing—I know nothing!" she exclaims.

"You have frightened me.

"Go away.

"I shall answer no more of your horrid questions!"

"One more you must hanswer, my lady, and then I have done—*for the present.*

"Can you tell me who in the house owns pocket-handkichers marked 'H. H. H.'?"

Lady Gladys could not tell him. She knew of no one having such initials.

"They're very uncommon—peeoolliar, I may say.

"'H. H. H.'

"What are Lord Heriot's initials, my lady?"

"His name is Vere—Vere Palliser."

"'V.' That's not 'H.'

"And the German lady?

"What's her name?"

"Marguerite Schauffenhoff."

"'M. S.'

"Certainly that's not it.

"None of the servants' names begins or end with an 'H.'

"Can you tell me the Christian names of this Mr. 'Ereward, my lady?"

Lady Gladys cannot tell him; she has never heard, she says, and she cannot even guess.

She has never heard him called by any but his surname.

"There's his books, I dare say"—the man points to a pile of books at the end of a table close to Lady Gladys.

One lies open and she cannot help seeing the name upon the title page—"Harold Holman Hereward."

"It's an uncommon name," the man remarks, stumbling absurdly over the alliteration—"a very uncommon name.

"I don't suppose there's another man in the country with them initials, my dear lady.

"I haven't found him yet, if there is; and a less thing than them initials has hanged a man before now."

Lady Gladys looks at him, listens to him, yet scarcely sees or hears.

Her mind is a chaos.

Not for an instant has she believed in Hereward's guilt as yet.

And yet the proofs are terribly conclusive.

She has not heard the strongest proof of all.

"Will you tell me," she asks, steadying her voice bravely, "who has instigated these inquiries?"

"More than one party, my lady. No man likes to see a thing like that go unpunished.

"There's old Grant says he'll never rest day or night till the murderer is brought to justice."

"I did not think old Grant cared so much for the lad," Lady Gladys remarks, looking straight before her absently.

"He's dead set on revenging him, at all events," the man answers stolidly.

"But it's none of my business who cares or who doesn't care, so long as I receive my pay.

"And I'm well paid.

"My business is to find the man who shot Robert North, and I think we've nailed him.

"We're leaving no stone unturned, my lady, and I think we could put our hand on him this moment.

"Has Mr. Cartwright taken any interest in this new investigation?"

"Why wouldn't he, my lady?" the man answers cunningly.

"It's a point of honor like among the owners of property about to find out whether there were poachers in the case or not.

"Of course Mr. Cartwright feels like the rest of them, having such an estate in the neighborhood.

"But it's an exploded notion now that poachers did it.

"There's not a man, woman, or child in the place that thinks so now; they know better."

"How do you account for the bullet fitting North's gun?" Lady Gladys asks. She has has recovered herself a little, and now stands erect beside her chair.

"That's a puzzler my lady.

"But I think North meant to fire at a mark. Grant is of that opinion.

"And I think that the person who shot wrenched the gun out of his hand and turned it upon him.

"That's the only way to account for it. The bullet does not fit any mould in this house."

"Have you tried?"

"It has been tried.

"There's not a gun in the house but is known, nor a bullet-mould either. But that's neither here nor there. What we want to know is not that—nor anything about that.

"We want to know whose hand pulled the trigger of that gun, and not whose hand loaded it.

"And I think we're on the trail, my lady, and near running down the game, too.

"A queer set of jurors they had on the hinquest!

"I never heard a better joke than to think of the man they made foreman! In the length and breadth of the county could they pitch on no one else?"

The man's chuckling merriment does not affect the listener.

Neither its familiarity nor its meaning makes much impression upon her.

Nor do his words convey much meaning to her brain.

The sudden shock of his discovery, or supposed discovery, has almost taken away from her the power of thought.

"You say you spoke to Anne Grace Trathaway on this subject?" she remarks, after a moment's silence.

"Did she give you no information whatever?"

"None.

"I don't know whether she could or not, but at all events she wouldn't. She denied point-blank having ever flirted with Mr. Hereward.

"She says she hardly ever spoke to him in her life.

"But we may believe as much of that as we like."

And the man winks knowingly.

"Did she seem any way surprised by your questions?"

"She seemed in a precious fright, that I can swear to, my lady.

"I never see'd anyone in such a fright, and I've had a deal of experience in that way.

"She just turned the color of your gown when she see'd me walking into the kitchen of the mill.

"When I said 'Good-day, my dear; I've come to 'ave a little chat with you,' I thought she'd 'ave dropped on the floor.

"There's something on that girl's mind, or my name's not Gicks.

"Why should she take on so if there wasn't?"

"She has fretted very much since North's death, I hear.

"They may have made her nervous and weak."

"Not a bit of it.

"I know more bodily weakness when I sees it; but this was different.

"There's nothing about to frighten a gal, unless her conscience accused her of somewhat."

Mr. Gicks looks complacently at his reflection in the mirror.

"But when you knows as much as I knows, my lady, you won't be surprised at her getting a turn when she see'd me a-coming in at the door.

"Gentlemen of my purfession are used to that kind of thing. It don't noways affect us."

Lady Gladys dissembles her disgust and abhorrence as best she may, and puts one more question.

"Does Anne Grace Trathaway herself think they were poachers who shot Robert North?"

"She said 'Who else could it be?' That's all she said, my lady."

"I cannot stay longer now," Lady Gladys says, going to the bell and ringing it with a steadiness that surprises her.

"I am sorry this affair should have been raked up again, for I do not think anything satisfactory will come of it."

"That remains to be proved, my dear lady.

"But I won't delay you any longer, and I ax you parding if I have given you a turn.

"Ladies is easy frightened by this kind of thing. But you need'nt be the least bit uneasy.

"There'll be no unpleasantness connected with the family; I'll take care of that my lady.

"Good-morning."

Lady Gladys does not hear him—does not heed the shuffling bow with which he withdraws from her presence.

She stands by the chimney-piece, after she has rung the bell, like one who has received a bad blow.

Then her eyes take a wild startled expression, like those of a sleep-walker suddenly awakened.

"My horse, Purcell.

"Tell them to saddle Kuhleborn and bring him round at once," she orders, when the man comes, in answer to her ring. "I do not want Graves.

"I shall go alone."

She puts on hat and habit hastily, with hands that tremble and eyes that hardly see.

She does not go back to her morning-room, nor does she take any one into her confidence, but waits impatiently until Kuhleborn is led round to the door.

CHAPTER XV.

KUHLEBORN receives no caress as his mistress takes the reins into her hand. She touches him sharply with the whip instead, and the gravel scatters to right and left as his flying hoofs cut up the carriage drive, for it has rained in the night, and the ground is heavy for riding.

There is a fire in Lady Gladys's blue eyes, a strength in her delicate hand, which the horse feels instinctively and dares not dispute.

They turn away from the great gates, and take the road to the mill.

The paramount idea in the girl's mind is to satisfy herself with regard to Anne Grace Trathaway.

There is a latent feeling in her heart which she has stifled more than once, yet that smoulders like fire in ashes, gray and cold on the surface, but red-hot underneath. And what is that feeling?

Whatever it be, it is cruel as the grave, and Kuhleborn experiences a little of its sharpness in bit and riding-whip as held by his rider to-day.

The road down to the mill is wet and shining from the recent rain.

The skirting trees are freshly, softly, luminously green; the river flows along, dimpling and eddying, towards the misty line of the fall.

At the door of the mill Lady Gladys stops. Kuhleborn had made a great fuss about crossing the bridge over the race, but she had forced him to do it.

A little boy shaking flour bags comes at her call, and holds the horse when she dismounts.

There is no one in the kitchen but the old woman.

She is peeling potatoes into her lap, sitting over the fire.

But she goes stiffly up the ladder-stairs to call her mistress, at Lady Gladys's request. She is a half-blind old creature, related in some distant way to the Trathaways, and kept by them more out of charity than for any work she can accomplish. Anne Grace is a long time in coming.

When she does come, Lady Gladys is shocked at the change in her appearance.

The two stand staring at each other for some seconds, and then Lady Gladys speaks.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill.

"What is the matter with you, Anne Grace?"

"There is nothing the matter with me, my lady," the girl answers hurriedly.

"Anne Grace," Lady Gladys says, very gravely and gently, "if there is anything troubling you, will you not tell me? I could help you perhaps, and I certainly would not betray your secret."

The girl looks at her a little wildly, a little suspiciously also.

"What secret should I have?" she answers.

"There's nothing troubling me, my lady, beyond what everybody knows. And I'm sure that's enough;" and she begins to cry.

"But mere grief would not make you look so wretched.

"You are very foolish not to let me help you, whatever your trouble is.

"Are you afraid of doing mischief to any one you like?"

The girl's startled eyes make Lady Gladys shiver with a cruel dread.

"Don't ask me anything, my lady, for, if it was the last word I was to speak, I'd say I would tell nobody my secret.

"Nobody can help me; and what's the good of talking?

"What's done can't be undone. And that is all I'll say."

"Why then do you make yourself look like a ghost?

"If matters cannot be mended, and you are not to blame, you need not fret."

"Oh, needn't I, my lady! I'll fret to the last day of my life.

"Haven't I been the death of one that loved me; and isn't that enough to break any woman's heart?"

"How have you been his death?" Lady Gladys asks, again with that sinking of the heart.

But the girl will not say another word.

"Anne Grace Trathaway, answer me one question," Lady Gladys says sternly. "Do you know who shot Robert North?"

Anne Grace begins to cry violently. She has seated herself on a stool beside the fire, Lady Gladys standing opposite, looking down at her.

"Oh, my lady, my lady, why do you come here to ask me such questions?

"Will you swear to tell no one if I tell you?

"Will you swear not to let that man come troubling me again?"

"I can promise nothing," Lady Gladys answers coldly.

"But I shall not use anything you may tell me to your hurt; you may be sure of that.

"Do you know who shot Robert North?"

"I do," the girl says, drying her eyes.

"I do know him, my lady, and I curse the day he ever crossed that threshold! He has brought nothing but sorrow to me, and to himself.

"Hasn't he blood on his hands now, and all through my folly and vanity, wanting to make the other jealous?

"Oh, Bob, Bob, I wish I was dead too, and out of my trouble!"

With another passionate burst of weeping the girl turns and runs out of the house.

Lady Gladys has heard enough—too much.

There can be no longer any doubt—Hereward had made love to the girl, and had shot her lover in a jealous quarrel. The worst has come to the worst.

Strange to say, the strongest feeling in Lady Gladys's mind, as she turns her horse's head away from the mill, is neither horror, nor grief, nor surprise.

It is wild, unreasoning, unmixed jealousy of this village girl whom Hereward must have loved strongly to have weighed down his soul with the crime that was committed for her sake.

She forgets everything but this one thing—that he has loved—that he loves—Anne Grace Trathaway, and even this does not recall Lady Gladys Palliser to herself, to a remembrance of the pride which has always been to her a second nature.

She does not turn her horse's head homewards.

She rides into Kingsleigh and telegraphs to her brother to come down to Kingscourt at once.

Then she rides slowly back through the woods.

At a sudden turn in the path she sees Hereward walking on before, with his hands in his pockets, as usual.

A shiver follows her recognition of him, and she reins back her horse, but not before he has seen her and stopped.

At this moment a morbid impulse seizes Lady Gladys to find out all the truth then and there.

For even yet, in her heart of hearts, she does not believe that Hereward is absolutely guilty of Robert North's death.

If his hand indeed fired the shot, no evidence but his own will make her credit the fact that it was done in cold blood.

It was done accidentally, or in self-defence.

But the fact of his having quarrelled with him remained the same.

She lets Kuhleborn take his own way and time, and Hereward waits for her to pass.

But she draws rein when she is beside him, and he walks on at her horse's shoulder, talking quietly of the beauty of the day.

Lady Gladys looks at him—at the sternly awful profile, at the grave, deep eyes, at the strong hand on her horse's neck—the hand which had still the mark of her whip upon it.

Was there indeed a deeper crimson stain upon it—a stain that could never wear off or be removed?

"Mr. Hereward," she says, while her cheeks pale and her voice trembles a little, "there are reports going about—have you heard of them?—reports that Robert North was shot, not by poachers, but by a rival. Have they reached you?"

"Blount said something to me about it," he answers, looking up at her. "But I have heard nothing since."

"I have, then.

"Mr. Hereward, have you any idea whom they suspect?"

"None whatever," he answers quickly.

"Do they suspect any one—have they found any clue?"

"I believe they have.

"I have been told that they could name the assassin."

She looks searchingly into his face as she speaks, and she sees how he starts—perceives how his color alters, how his voice changes, as he asks—

"Do you know his name?"

"I do."

"You do!" he echoes, staring at her.

They have both stopped, and he stands close to her—so close that she can see down into his eyes.

There is no dread or fear in them, only intense surprise.

"I do."

"And who is he?"

"You, yourself."

For a moment Hereward looks at her; then he steps back a pace or two.

"And you believe this, Lady Gladys Palliser?"

"How can I help believing it? There are terrible proofs against you."

"Against me!

"What possible proofs can there be against me?"

The surprise, the utter incredulity of his tone almost reassured her.

"Your going to the mill, and having been seen with the girl, and being absent on the evening of the murder," Lady Gladys answers slowly and sadly.

"It is horrible—terrible, but it looks awfully conclusive. I know not what to think."

"Do you think I shot Robert North?"

"If you did, I think it was accidentally," she answers, meeting his look without flinching.

"But do you think that I care for Anne Grace Trathaway?"

"What else am I to think? She does not deny it."

"Did you ask her?" he inquires, a little scornfully.

"No.

"But I did ask her to tell me who shot Robert North, if she knew.

"And she confessed that it was done through some jealousy or other, and that she was to blame for it."

"And you immediately set me down as the only possible lover," Hereward smiles, half contemptuously.

"There is strong evidence against you," Lady Gladys answers coldly.

"I only hope you may be able to disprove it.

"But it seems to me an impossibility now that you should clear yourself."

"But do you believe me guilty?"

"Not guilty.

"But it may have been done by you accidentally."

"Will you believe me if I tell you simply that I did not do it?"

She meets the dark eyes—she sees the slow fire gathering in them, the determined line of the mouth, and she answers—

"I may.

"But you will never be able to prove it."

"I can prove it in one moment, if I choose so to do."

"Then do so, for pity's sake!

"It is time for you to do it.

"The whole county will be up to-morrow—unless some stop is put to what is going on.

"There was a detective officer at Kingscourt to-day; I believe there are several about the place."

"This is Cartwright's doing!" Hereward exclaims, with a bitter scorn. "But he has over-reached himself again.

"Lady Gladys Palliser, I did not shoot Robert North, and I never spoke a word of love to Anne Grace Trathaway in my life, I swear this to you, upon my honor. Do you believe me?"

She looks down into his eager passionate eyes.

"I do," she answers, giving him her hand.

He raises the hand to his lips and kisses it.

"I think I had better tell you the truth.

"You must hear it sooner or later, and I cannot bear that you should doubt me again.

"But I need not tell you to keep the secret.

"We must all guard it well.

"I know who shot the poor lad; but I do not know how he did it, or why. But I can guess."

"Who was it?" Lady Gladys asks, with a sudden presentiment of ill.

"Your brother, Lord Heriot."

Lady Gladys's face turns as white as snow; but she does not faint.

She sits in her saddle erect and still, although she feels as if she had received her death-blow.

"My brother!" she repeats, staring at him.

"I will tell you how it was," Hereward answers, coming close to the horse and resting his hand on his shoulder as he speaks, so close as to be able to support her should her strength give way.

"I left the house about three o'clock. I went down to look at the bridge, as you know.

"Then I walked down the river-path towards Kingsleigh, on the farther side.

"You know the wood where North's body was found?"

Lady Gladys bent her head in assent.

"It ends near the village.

"I had just returned from the post-office, at about ten minutes past four—I remember the time exactly, for the down train had passed—when, on entering the wood, I met Lord Heriot hurrying out of it.

"I was surprised to see him, as he had said at Kingscourt that he intended going by the three o'clock express.

"I said to him, 'Did you hear a shot a few minutes ago, down there? I think there must be poachers about.'

"He answered no, he had not heard it, which I thought strange, as the shot sounded quite near.

"Then I observed there was blood upon his hands."

Lady Gladys utters an exclamation, a short, sharp cry.

"I remarked it to him as he was brushing past me, saying that he had missed the three o'clock and must not miss the four-twenty.

"When I noticed the state of his hands, he looked at them, and said that he had cut his finger, and asked me to lend him my handkerchief to wrap round it as he had only one in his pocket, and he was going up to town.

"I pulled mine out of my pocket and gave it to him.

"He wrapped it round one of his hands and hurried away.

"I noticed that he looked very white, and that his voice sounded strange; but I did not think much about it at the time. I supposed the cut had frightened him, for it appeared to have bled a good deal. I thought he had delayed at the mill, and was afraid I should know it. For that reason I did not mention having met him."

Lady Gladys had listened like one who is under some awful spell.

The whole horror of the circumstances strikes her at once—yet is this pain different from the other.

"My mother!" she moans, turning away her face.

"You must not tell her."

"But it all must be told. These men will find out everything."

"They cannot find out anything from me, unless I choose to tell."

"But you must tell them, to save yourself."

"I am in no danger. Do not fear, Lady Gladys.

"None of them shall ever hear it from me."

She looks at him.

A sense of relief comes over her—of safety, of security.

If no one knows but he, and if he will not tell, then her brother is safe! But that wretched brother!

"Did he care for her?" she asks of Hereward.

She feels as if nothing worse can happen to her than has happened.

"I am afraid he had certainly made love to her, and thereby raised Robert North's jealousy.

"It must have been in self-defence that he did it, for he was himself unarmed. What I suspect is that North came there, intending to be revenged on him, and that Lord Heriot seized the gun and shot him in self-defence."

"How terrible it all is—how terrible!" Lady Gladys shudders.

"Poor Vere, poor wretched boy! What will become of us!

"Oh, Mr. Hereward, if you knew of this foolish work long ago, why did you not warn us?

"There might have been a stop put to it before it had come to this."

"I could not speak.

"One who knew you all—who was an older friend than I was—thought it better to keep it from the Countess's knowledge.

"I did speak to the girl that day you saw me walking with her up the river path, but I think now that my interference did more harm than good."

Lady Gladys has covered her face with her hands.

They are silent for a minute or two, Hereward standing near her but not looking at her.

When she takes down her hands, her eyes were full of tears.

"I must bear it; but it is terrible. To think that our name is tarnished for ever, the pride of our house humbled in the dust!

"When my mother hears this it will kill her."

"Let it remain a secret between us two," Hereward says, taking Kuhleborn's rein and moving slowly forward. "It need never go any farther."

"Will you do this?" she asks, turning her head towards him.

There is a look in her eyes which makes Hereward's heart stand still.

"I will," he answers.

And he is happier than he has ever been in his life before, when he is placing that life in jeopardy for a woman's sake.

CHAPTER XVI.

LADY GLADYS cannot wake out of her nightmare.

The full horror of it has scarcely dawned upon her yet.

There is a numbing terror about it—a sensation like that which comes immediately after a sabre wound—not yet pain, yet worse than pain.

But in all the horror there is not the deadly pang which had gone to her heart at the first idea of Hereward's guilt.

Then her pride of birth, her grand old name, all the things that had been her first thought since her childhood, had not been called in question, had not been in danger, had not been trampled in the mire.

Now they are trampled in the mire by the act of one self-willed, senseless boy.

She would have thought, had she known a year ago that such a thing could happen to her, that she could not have gone through the knowledge and have lived.

But here it has come upon her, and she is alive!

And she is also conscious that the worst that might have happened has not happened at all.

In all her pain and grief she feels that the one unbearable anguish would have been that Hereward had done it—had done it for love.

She does not meet Hereward till the evening.

He does not dine with the Countess; but, since Blount's arrival at Kingscourt, and very often before that, as he has been in the habit of going into the red drawing-room to tea.

The German lady and the Doctor have always done so, when there was not company to dinner.

Hereward does not care to avail himself of the privilege every evening; but to-night he does care. He is very silent during dinner.

Doctor Jones, who has not yet heard any of the rumors afloat in the village, strange to say, wonders a little at the more than usual taciturnity of his demeanor, but does not venture to inquire into the reason of it.

Hereward knows that he cannot leave Kingscourt.

He feels perfectly certain that his every movement is watched, and that, were he to attempt to leave the place, he would be prevented. The knowledge is almost pleasant to him.

He feels no personal fear; he knows that nothing can be proved against him—or at least he thinks he knows it—and in this fancied security he is content to abide.

That any decisive measures will be taken he does not believe.

The evidence is too slight for that.

In the red drawing-room the curtains are not yet drawn, though the firelight dances ruddily on carpet and rug and more immediate fireside surroundings.

The Countess has kept her own apartments this evening, and Evie is with her, not feeling well.

There is nobody in the drawing-room but the Fraulein, nodding over her crochet and the fire, and Blount and Miss Middleton, flirting, as usual, on the ottoman.

He has got her fan—that ever-useful medium—and is playing with it while he bends forward to talk to her.

She is snugly ensconced in her velvet nest, one pretty round elbow leaning on the cushioned arm, and her laughing eyes raised to his.

They look very happy, and have no suspicion of the shadow that has fallen upon the house.

At the window farthest from them—so still that no one would ever have guessed her presence in the room—Lady Gladys sits in a low chair, leaning back, with her head against the cushion and her eyes closed.

Her face is very pale; her cheek looks almost ghastly in juxtaposition with the ruby velvet, and the line of her beautiful lips is inexpressibly sad.

Her whole attitude is one of wearied-out, despairing rest—no rest indeed, but quiescence, resignation, despair.

The carpet is so thick and soft that she hears no footfall as Hereward, passing by the preoccupied group at the upper end of the room, comes quietly into the window and stands there, with his hands behind him, looking out.

He does not see her immediately.

He is looking at the twilight lawn, at the shadowy woods, at the brightening of the clouds before the unrisen moon.

But she has opened a pair of blue eyes, and is watching him as he looks.

She feels towards him now that mysterious sympathy which the knowledge of a mutual secret invariably gives.

Nothing draws people so closely together as a common grief or danger.

It is well for Mr. Standish Cartwright that he cannot know with what an expression the blue eyes of his lady-love are looking at the man he hates.

The sky behind the woods grows more and more light; a little cloud takes a silver border to its lower edges; then another follows its example, and another, till the east is flecked with silver bars against the night. As the sky brightens, the woods grow dusk. Hereward watches the sky with intent eyes, standing like a shadow in the shade. Lady Gladys watches him.

The tufted tops of the trees are thrown out distinctly now against the east, and in another moment the young May moon rises above them, and the lake shivers in silver below.

The light touches Hereward's forehead, shows his grave eyes, and his dark determined face.

"I did not think you were romantic enough to watch the rising of the moon, Mr. Hereward," Miss Middleton calls to him gaily.

Then he turns, and sees the still figure at his side.

"Lady Gladys," he says softly, "forgive me; have I disturbed you?"

"No," she answers, smiling a little.

"I was watching the moon rise on your face.

"Mr. Hereward, I want you to tell me something."

"I will tell you anything."

"Why are you content to bear this ignominy?

"You cannot venture into the village again unless you prove your innocence.

"There is a more powerful feeling against you than you think. Will you be able to keep your promise?"

"Lady Gladys," he answers, in the same low tone in which she has spoken, "I have such a powerful motive for what I do that the greatest suffering I could endure—short of actual death—would not induce me to break my promise to you."

"And the motive?" Lady Gladys asks.

She does not guess it, or she would scarcely have put the question.

"I cannot tell you my motive," Hereward answers quietly.

"I dare not tell you.

"It is all-powerful; let that knowledge reassure you."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A PREVARICATOR.—The only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game; that is, of course, unless he is the editor of a pious newspaper. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe and was telling a friend, who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month, "they encountered a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried every stitch of canvas off the ship." The listener looked thoughtful a moment, and then said, hesitatingly! "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went round the corner and kicked himself.

CONSCIENCE serves us especially to judge of the actions of others.

Scientific and Useful.

IMPURE ICE.—The Scientific American warns people against using ice taken from ponds containing impure water. Freezing does not kill the germs so inimical to health.

LIME.—Chloride of lime in solution is an excellent disinfectant for clothes placed in it, or as a wash for walls and floors; but the mere sprinkling of it about a place is of little value. This last fact is not generally known.

LIME AND LEAD.—Plumbers and housebuilders usually embed lead pipes in lime mortars and cements. When in contact with lime, lead pipes are rapidly corroded, in some cases so as to become porous and brittle within a space of fifteen or sixteen months. The exposure of lead pipes to lime should be carefully avoided.

LEATHEROID.—This consists of a number of thicknesses of cotton paper wound upon another over a cylinder. The qualities of strength and adhesion it possesses are derived from a chemical bath through which the paper is drawn on its way to the cylinder. It is moulded wet, and retains its form. When thoroughly dry, it cuts like rawhide.

USE FOR BENZINE.—The Chemical Gazette says that "a watch with the case opened laid in a vessel and covered with benzine for about three hours, going meanwhile, will be perfectly cleaned after that time. The vessel should be covered with parchment-paper, and, before removing the watch, should be lightly agitated. Afterward the watch should be laid again in benzine, to which a little petroleum oil has been added, to oil the works.

PICTURES.—To transfer pictures to wood or canvas, coat the wood, or other prepared surface, with rather gummy mastic, or similar varnish, and having very slightly, but uniformly, dampened the print, press it smoothly and firmly, face down, upon the varnished surface. When the varnish has quite dried, saturate the paper with cold water, and with the fingers—and, if necessary, a piece of fine sand-paper—crumble and rub the paper away, leaving the inked lines adhering to the varnished surface.

BRASS.—The Government method prescribed for cleaning brass, and in use at all the arsenals in this country, is said to be the best in the world. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are to be dipped in the acid, then removed into the water, and finally rubbed with sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy, it is first dipped in a strong solution of potash or soda in warm water; this dissolves the grease, so that the acid has free power to act.

Farm and Garden.

MILK.—If a cow be milked once a day, the milk will yield more butter than an equal quantity of that obtained by two milkings, and even less by three.

BARK.—Where the bark has been gnawed or scraped from a tree, new bark may be made to grow by covering the denuded place with clay. It has been made to grow in this way without leaving a scar.

FRUIT TREES.—In selecting fruit trees, look rather to getting good roots than a large top. A small, well-shaped tree, with good roots, will soon beat a large one with an insufficient root, and will make a thrifter tree all the way along.

WAGONS AND VARNISH.—Varnished wagons should never be housed in a stable, or where any stock is kept, for the ammonia that comes from the manure kills the life of the varnish, destroying all the gloss. It is always best, if possible, to keep varnished carriages and wagons in a building away from the barn.

SOILS.—Sandy soils are, in the average farmer's sense of the word, the lightest of all soils, because they are the easiest to work, while in actual weight they are the heaviest soils known. Clay, also, which we call a heavy soil, because stiff and unyielding to the plow, is comparatively a light soil in actual weight. Peat soils are light in both senses of the word, having little actual weight, and being loose and porous.

THE MONTH.—The majority of vegetables having now been sown, and others transplanted in favorable situations, their proper cultivation and thinning out when too thick must have your attention. Examine your seed-beds closely, and if any sowing has failed, re-seed at once. All plants in frames will require plenty of air and water, and gradually hardened off before transplanting to the garden. All the more delicate seeds can now be sown, as both soil and atmosphere are mild and pleasant, and they will germinate freely.

PLANT FOOD.—A direct supply of plant food does not fully explain the action of manures. Many fertilizers operate indirectly to feed crops by their chemical effects upon the soil. Thus, barnyard manure, in undergoing decomposition, yields a supply of carbonic acid, which may act on the mineral constituents of the soil, and liberate its elements. Many mineral elements also, such as common salt, plaster of Paris, and other saline matters, may react on the soil, converting potash and magnesia, for instance, into soluble forms, and thus giving the same result as would follow an immediate use of the last-named substances.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

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As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

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RIGHT AND WRONG.

It is a great mistake to set our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world. It is a mistake to look for judgment and experience in youth, to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike, not to yield in immaterial trifles, to look for perfection in our own actions, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. It is wrong not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as is far as in our power, not to make allowances for the infirmities of others, to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform, to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

The habit of doing wrong is strongest in the idle mind, and can be driven out only by something better occupying its place. The man with feeble vitality is the first to take a contagious disease, while he who is overflowing with health and strength passes by unharmed. So the positively, actively good man, eagerly engaged in right-doing, with a large fund of firm principle and benevolent impulse to draw upon will be the least likely to be stained and spotted by the evil with which he comes in contact; while he who is morally weak and inactive and spends what strength he has in vainly wishing for the innocence of his boyhood, or in scrupulously guarding himself from contact with the world and its temptations for fear of pollution, is the very one who will fall the easiest prey to what he would fain avoid.

Conduct in general is mainly regulated by a preponderance of motives, often unconscious, as we can see in watching the simpler mental processes of children, and dogs, when they are hesitating between gratifying some desire and the fear of the consequences of disobedience. It is the duty of the parent and teacher, and the interest of society at large, to equip a man with such a supply of motives and memories, hopes and fears, as will, as far as possible, strengthen or counteract, as the case may be, natural temperament and tendencies, so that, when the moment of decision comes, the scale may incline to the side which the common consent of mankind has determined to be the side of right.

And moreover parents should remember that what they are in themselves will form a far stronger force in moulding children's characters than the most fervent exhortations they can utter, the most urgent of efforts they can make, or the longest array of motives they can present. It is their living example that will be followed. If to them duty is a cross heavy to be borne, and happiness something quite apart from it, perhaps even opposed to it, no reasoning, however cogent; no assertion, however forcible; no testimony, however weighty, will ever convince their children of the contrary, thus leaving their notions of right and wrong without a proper base.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE average of land devoted to the cultivation of wheat in the United States has within the last ten years extended from 19,000,000 to more than 36,000,000.

—

A LOAN exhibition of paintings, opened by an English clergyman in one of the worst parts of London, Whitechapel, has had 25,000 visitors, but, to the disappointment of projectors, admiration was almost universally given to the frames, and a fine picture of a "Girl Mourning Over Her Dead Bird," drew the terse criticism: "It is to be hoped she'll never have nothing worse to fret over."

—

THE opponents of capital punishment in France have just been furnished with a new weapon. The last time that the guillotine was set up the criminal on whom it was used was a youth who murdered a girl under circumstances of appaling atrocity, about two years since. His conduct was so abominable that even a Paris jury could not discover an extenuating circumstance for him, although it was admitted that his intelligence was of the lowest order. When, however, certain cerebral lesions were brought to light, those who wage war against the guillotine declared that he was not responsible for his actions. This view has been greatly strengthened within the past few days by the fact that the convict's mother's has become a lunatic. It appears, moreover, that she is also insane, and that her father committed suicide. These revelations have given a new impetus in France to the endless controversy respecting mental unsoundness in relation to criminal impulse.

—

A LADY writes to a Rochester paper, wishing to know if she should happen to enter an omnibus in the city, and find that she had left her portmonnaie at home, and a chivalrous gentleman sitting opposite—an entire stranger—should offer to pay her fare, whether she would be justified in accepting the offer. To which the editor in reply says: "We think she would. She must be careful, however, not to play the game too often. Chivalrous gentlemen might 'drop' on it."

—

SOME recent statistics collected in France go to show that railway-traveling is, in fact, much less dangerous than the old method by stage coach. When "diligences" were used in France, one passenger in every 385,000 was killed, and one in every 30,000 wounded. Now, with railways, one is killed in 5,178,400, and one wounded in 380,450. Stage coach travel was, therefore, something like twenty times as dangerous as that by rail.

—

A CURE for rheumatism an English doctor has found in total abstinence from food. He declares that many cases of acute articular rheumatism have been cured by fasting from four to eight days, while chronic rheumatism was also alleviated. No medicines were given, but patients could have cold water and lemonade in moderation. The doctor states that rheumatism is only a phase of indigestion, and, therefore, can be cured by giving complete and continued rest to all the digestive organs.

—

A LABOR and influential society has been organized in Germany, under the special patronage of the Crown Prince, to suppress the dangerous evils of mendicancy through the agency of relief stations working in connection with an agricultural colony. Shelter, food and clothing are there furnished in exchange for work, and every inmate is enabled, in addition, to earn a small sum of money with which to enter into some employment elsewhere. This is the kernel of an economic system which its promoters hope to extend over the empire.

—

THE electroscope—the very latest scientific discovery—is said to have been lately exhibited at Melbourne, in the presence of forty scientific and public men. Sitting in a dark room, they saw projected on a large disc of white burnished metal the race-course at Flemington, some miles distant, with its myriads of active beings. Minute details stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses, it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually on the course itself, and moving among those whose motions they could so completely scan.

—

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, leads in private a plain, simple life, and is fond of occupation and of home. He rises early, spends a little time in study, and then takes exercise in the garden. From eight to nine he receives the minister of the Royal Household, and from nine to eleven the other ministers. At eleven he and the Queen take breakfast together with the Prince of Naples seated between them. From one to two they receive visitors, and then drive out. Their dinner hour is seven o'clock, and they usually retire soon after ten. Sometimes the Queen attends opera or the theatre, but the King is very seldom seen at such places.

—

GEORGE II. expected his daughters to be satisfied with two dozen cambric handkerchiefs every other year. A modern novelist gives one of his heroines twelve dozen, as part of her wedding outfit. A few years ago plain handkerchiefs for morning, and laced ones for evening, were all the variety required, but a French authority now says there should be handkerchiefs for morning toilets, for walking, for church-going, for theatre, for opera, for court, for visits of charity and for boudoir use, to say nothing of the handkerchief to be lost, the one to given away, and the handkerchief to be allowed to be stolen.

—

ALMOST the first thought that follows admiration for a freshly-picked bouquet is how it can be preserved the greatest length of time. Many experiments have been undertaken to prevent flowers from fading—such as placing salt in the water, or nipping them off and applying sealing-wax. Changing the water in which the stems are immersed frequently, and sprinkling the flowers hourly, will keep them fresh and fair longer than will any other treatment. The water used should be tepid. The cooler the temperature of the department the better. Never leave the flowers under a gas jet or they will immediately blight. The last thing at night change the water on the stems and sprinkle the flowers thoroughly. Tie over the vase or basket tissue paper which has been soaked in water. Over this tuck a newspaper. In the morning the flowers will be found as fair as on the night previous. Roses fade sooner than almost any other flowers. Heliotrope will wither and blacken with the tenderest care. It should be nipped from a bouquet as soon as it loses its freshness. Lilies, tulips, narcissus, euphorbias, hyacinths, and all flowers with succulent stems, can be preserved for several days.

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THAT it is a positive nuisance to know too many people seems a bold assertion, but such is nevertheless the case. To escape from the man who wants to borrow, the the man who wants to give hints on stocks, man who minds everybody's business but his own, the bucolic friend who is so glad to see you, and who considers that every person is interested in live stock or agriculture, and last, but not least annoying, the senseless driveller who talks for an hour and never actually says anything, the well-known man who has to take the by-ways and lose the privilege of good sidewalks to save himself from bankruptcy or idiocy. Many a man, through a mistaken idea of courtesy, has missed his boat, cars, or lost the chance of meeting some friend with whom he had an important appointment. To those wayside vampires, those purse-despoilers, those brain-destroyers, time is no object. For them it merely marks the time between meals, drinks and bed-time. They are either too egotistical or too foolish to comprehend what to some men time is an object that to others, happily differently constituted, it means the most important thing in life. We have not a very long time to stay upon this mud-ball, and the man who places no value upon time is the thief of his own existence, and the curse of his fellow-man. Such creatures show no feeling for others, and should either be cut direct or shaken off with a brusqueness which they cannot mistake.

—

SOME persons have a partiality for statistics, as must have been the case with a German gentleman who has just died at Berlin, at the age of 74 years, 48 of which had been passed as a clerk in a government office. Before quitting the world he amused himself with calculating the amount he had written during nearly half a century, and this was the result of his gigantic sum: His daily task consisted of forty pages, each containing twenty-four lines. During the 15,000 days he had been a State functionary he had written 600,000 pages, or more than 14,000,000 lines, making about half a milliard of letters, which, placed one after the other, would have gone 300 round Berlin. The deceased, who was a very methodical man, had, moreover, kept a strict account of the amount of ink he had used. He calculated that, in tracing forty pages a day 48 years, he had consumed but a large-sized pail of ink. He further estimated the exact amount of time spent in moving his hand to dip his pen in the ink-stand, which, on his own reckoning, made in all two months out of his life. One is inclined to think, however, that with respect to this last item in his calculations, he could only have formed a rough guess, unless he always took the same dip of ink, never wrote one word thicker than another—always, in short, dipped his pen precisely the same number of times into the ink-stand, bringing away exactly the same amount of fluid, never wasting any in a blot, etc., all of which is manifestly impossible.

CHARITY.

BY S. W.

She brought me flow'rs to cheer my home
And lonely lot, like twilight stars—
The guelder-rose's balls of foam;
Carnations flecked with crimson bars.

And some that only bloom at night,
That so my life might never lack
A warmth of flow'rs; syringa white
For noon, and pansies gold and black.

Was purple heliotrope, more sweet
Than love-vows breathed in maiden's ear;
Tall lilies, white as angels' feet;
Asters to crown the waning year.

I took their beauty to my heart—
Their odors soothed my inmost soul—
And said to her, "How fair a part
Must thine be while my sad years roll!

"How gay a garden must be thine,
Where all most lovely things delight
About the happy bow'rs to twine,
To shade the noon and bless the night!

"If all the past be full like this
Of fragrant flow'rs—if thou canst give
This wealth to me thou will not miss—
How blest art thou to breathe and live!

"'Twere vain did I like blessing crave!"
I envious spoke. She raised her head
And smiled. "I plucked them from a grave;
And I have given thee all!" she said.

The Black Shawl.

BY HENRY PRITH.

EVERYTHING had gone smoothly in Amy Graham's life until her father married again.

She had been his housekeeper for so long a time that a new order of things seemed strange for her.

And she could not like the newcomer whose bold, black eyes and brilliant complexion had captivated honest James Graham.

James was a fine looking man of forty-five, by occupation a carpenter.

He owned a little cottage and garden in the quiet country village where he had passed his life, and was liked and respected by all who knew him.

The first Mrs. Graham had died of consumption when Amy was but little more than an infant.

The widower and his little daughter were very lonely until "Aunt Susan" came to take up the dropped threads of their housekeeping.

Aunt Susan was James's maiden sister; a prim, stiff-mannered lady of uncertain age, who greatly prided herself upon her housekeeping.

She had set ways and notions of her own—among them a deeply-rooted aversion to her brother's pipe.

He compromised matters by going out to smoke, and being conceited to in this respect Aunt Susan was generally lenient towards any other short-comings she detected.

She taught Amy to knit and sew, initiated her into mysteries of cooking, and, in short, instructed her so well in the details of housekeeping, that when Doctor Jones prevailed upon her (Aunt Susan) to preside over his heart and home, she left in her niece a worthy successor.

Amy was then sixteen.

She was a slender, graceful girl, with dark blue eyes and luxuriant golden brown hair.

She was not a beauty by any means, but with a sweet, intelligent face that possessed a peculiar charm; her amiable disposition, and a certain winning manner, made her a favorite in her little circle, and she was her father's idol.

When she was fifteen, and had won the prize for scholarship at the endowed school, her father had granted her dearest wish and bought her a cottage piano.

She was allowed to take lessons, and by hard study and a great deal of practice, in a years' time she played sufficiently well to be a source of great pleasure to her father, who, after a day's work, liked nothing better than to listen to Amy's young voice sing the sweet, old-fashioned melodies that had been popular in his boyhood.

Aunt Susan had found fault about the piano at first, calling it "an unheard-of extravagance," and a "sad waste of time;" besides, she feared it would give Amy "foolish notions."

When she came now to spend an afternoon she evinced some interest in the young musician's progress, and seemed pleased to hear her favorite songs, "Love's Young Dream" and "She Wore a Wreath of Roses."

Emboldened by this evident appreciation, Amy, on one occasion, had voluntarily sung a favorite of her own, "Then You'll Remember Me."

Great was her astonishment, on looking up, to see Aunt Susan wiping her spectacles, and an actual tear slowly trickling down her nose.

Was it possible that Aunt Susan had any sentimental memories awakened by a song?

Had she remained in single blessedness for fifty years in memory of some bygone love-affair?

Had "other lips and other hearts" told their "tales of love" in vain?

Amy remembered an old-fashioned daguerrotype she had once caught a glimpse of in Aunt Susan's trunk, and the lock of sandy-brown hair that ornamented the immense locket which she always wore.

Yes, Aunt Susan must have had a love-affair!

She would ask her all about it. She put the question timidly.

"Did you ever have a lover, Aunt Susan?

"I don't mean Doctor Jones; I mean when you were young?"

Perhaps Aunt Susan did not like being reminded of her age.

Perhaps she was ashamed of having her feelings moved by a song.

She replied somewhat sharply, "Lover! Fiddlesticks!

"I might have had love-affairs if I had wanted 'em!

"I wasn't always old and ugly! You had better put the tea-kettle on, Amy; it's nearly supper time."

Amy did as she was told, but not without a sigh.

No hope of extorting sentimental confessions from Aunt Susan.

How hard and practical and commonplace life was after all!

Not a bit like life in the society magazines. It wasn't likely that Aunt Susan had ever given a tender thought to anyone, unless it was Doctor Jones.

She did not know that when that lady was in the privacy of her own chamber, how her thoughts flew back to the past, when she was a plump, rosy cheeked girl; when Jack Mason escorted her to the singing-school.

Jack had been fickle, and married someone else, but poor Susan had always kept his picture.

He had been very dear to her, and when he was killed in the war she grieved more than his widow did.

The latter was not inconsolable, as Jack had always been what the neighbors called "shiftless and unsteady."

The words of the song had awakened a train of buried thoughts in Susan's mind, and as she busied herself in seeing after the doctor's supper, she was hardly conscious of humming the refrain, "Then, you'll remember, you'll remember me."

"It seems to me you're quite lively this evening, Susan," said the doctor.

He knew nothing of his wife's former *penchant* for the late Mr. Mason; how should he?

He had never been told of it.

"If Amy should get married, how lonesome it would be for James!" said Mary, as she poured the tea out.

"He ought to marry again," said the doctor.

"Amy and William Brown will make a match of it one of these days."

"Will Brown is well enough if he wasn't a sailor," said Aunt Susan.

"When I think of it, he does pay some attentions to Amy when he's at home. I must speak to James about it."

And she did the first time she saw her brother.

James liked the young man, and suspected that Amy liked him, too; he foresaw that in a time they might marry, and then what would he do without a housekeeper? Well, he couldn't expect to keep his "little girl" for ever, and he had secretly admired the daughter of old Martin, the miller, for a long time.

Jennie Martin was a good-looking young woman of twenty-five.

She was smart and tidy, but possessed a sharp tongue and quick temper that made poor Amy's life hard to bear when she was installed as mistress at the cottage.

The only sunshine in the girl's life was when Will Brown came home from a voyage.

Will was a fine looking, manly fellow of three-and-twenty, and was second mate of a large ship.

He was very fond of little Amy, and looked forward to the time when he would be first officer, and could ask her to be his wife.

They used to take long walks in the evenings, talking hopefully of the future they hoped to share together.

They read and sang in the little cottage parlor, and were happy, as only two young people can be, when Will received notice that the good ship Northern Star would sail the next day.

This would be his last evening with his little Amy for a year, so both the lovers were sad.

Will did his best to be cheerful, and talked of the gay times they would have when he returned.

He had brought Amy a black lace shawl from some foreign port, and he threw it, Spanish fashion, over her head, begging her to have a picture taken for him "just that way."

Amy had promised to sit for the photograph, and enclose it in her first letter to him.

"I shall think of my pet many a time when I am on the briny ocean," said Will; "and when I turn over one of my old songs I shall see you and the little parlor before me.

"Cheer up, my darling. The year will soon pass, and then I am coming back for my little wife."

Amy sobbed bitterly, for she knew how dreary her life would be without him. But he must go.

There was a loving kiss, a promise to write often, and he was gone.

About this time Mrs. Graham became the mother of a fine boy, of whom she was justly proud.

James was completely wrapped up in his little son, and his wife used all her influence to induce him to settle his property upon the baby boy.

She argued "that young Brown would eventually become captain, and as Amy was sure to marry him, she would be well provided for; whereas, if anything ever happened to James, what would become of her and the baby?"

This seemed reasonable to James, and he made a will, settling the cottage and the few hundred he had saved on little Harry, as the child was named.

To do Graham justice, he had no intention of treating his daughter unfairly: but it seemed unjust to Amy.

One month from the day that James Graham made his will, he fell from a building on which he was employed, and was carried home dead.

Amy was inconsolable; she had dearly loved her father, and she now felt desolate indeed.

Her step-mother, who had always disliked her, now made herself especially disagreeable.

The poor girl was not only a household drudge, but she was grumbled at and found fault with from early morning until night.

Another drop in her cup of bitterness was the fact that she had never received a line from Will since his departure.

Sometimes, when sewing or darning some apparently endless piece of work, tears would fall fast upon it.

But Mrs. Graham never failed to say "that it wasn't any use moping; sailors always was fickle, always had a new fancy in every port; like as not, Brown had forgotten her long ago," and so on.

Amy listened patiently, but it seemed as if her heart would break.

When her father had been dead about six months, Amy noticed that they were frequently favored with evening calls from Mr. John MacDougal, a thriving stone-mason.

Mr. MacDougal was a bachelor, and supposed to have laid by a snug little sum of money.

It did need Mrs. Graham's coquettish hints to cause Amy to observe that he greatly admired her step-mother.

Nor was she suprised when that lady informed her that it was her intention to become Mrs. MacDougal, which she shortly did.

They intended to go to another town, where MacDougal expected to realize money in the cattle line. So Amy was left without a home.

Kind Aunt Susan offered her a shelter at this juncture, but Amy never particularly liked Doctor Jones, and thought she would try her fortune in the great city.

"She could surely get something to do," she said.

Her aunt offered to buy her piano, and, with many bitter tears, she let it go.

With the sum she received for it, and her few wordly possessions in a shabby leather trunk, poor Amy began her life among strangers.

* * * * * *

Five years passed.

Five years of unremitting toil to keep body and soul together.

Amy was getting discouraged fighting the battle with the world.

She occupied a poorly-furnished attic room, which she hired from a Mrs. Briggs, a rough-mannered woman, who was devoted to dirt and the gin-bottle.

The miserable pay she received for sewing barely sufficed to pay her rent and procure her a mouthful of food.

Her precious books and the few little trinkets she possessed had been sold long ago.

Everything of any value was gone but Will's gift, the black shawl.

She had never heard of him in all these years.

She did not know that when he returned to her native village, and found her gone, he had searched for her in vain.

Kind-hearted Aunt Susan had been laid beside her brother, and as Amy kept up no correspondence with any of her old friends, he lost all trace of her.

He advertised in vain, for Amy could not afford to have such a luxury as a newspaper.

He had not received the letters she had sent him, consequently he had never written, and the lonely girl was forced to believe she had been forgotten.

But Will had always hoped to find her, and now that he was certain and well-to-do, he determined to leave no stone unturned until he found some trace of his long lost love.

It was a cold, snowy night when Amy prepared to go out and pawn the black lace shawl.

She had worked a week for barely enough to pay her rent, and she was without food or fire.

There was no help for it; the shawl must go.

Her tears fell fast upon it as she folded it up, thinking of the contrast between the happy past and the wretched present.

Where was Will? she wondered. Perhaps he was drowned.

Perhaps he had married, and was happy with another!

The bitterness of the night was as nothing to the bitterness of that thought.

Wrapping her thin waterproof about her, Amy hastened to the pawnbroker's.

Amy gave her name and address in a timid manner.

"I'll give you two dollars," said the pawnbroker; it is of very little account to me."

"Well," said Amy, faintly, taking the ticket and money.

She purchased wood and a few articles of food as she went home.

What would she do when that was all gone?

She felt faint and sick, and unable to work longer.

The next morning Mrs. Briggs found her delirious, and in a raging fever, and immediately sent her to the hospital.

"I don't want her dying here!" said that worthy person, as she carefully searched her late lodger's room.

"She was as poor as a church mouse, and I wouldn't have my house disgraced by a parish funeral.

"I don't see anything here but that old trunk.

"I will get a drop of gin with that for my trouble."

For some weeks Amy lay at the point of death, but she gradually recovered.

It was but the shadow of her former self that appeared at her landlady's door one morning.

She took possession of her former room, and began work as best she could.

* * * * * *

"Does Miss Graham live here?" said a voice outside the door, that seemed strangely familiar. This was done twelve months later.

Amy almost fainted.

Was it possible that this bronzed, bearded man was Will?

But that question was soon solved by his clasping her in his arms.

And then he gave her a small parcel he carried, telling her to open it, and there was the black lace shawl.

He told her that he had been moodily walking along thinking of her, when he had noticed the shawl in the pawnbroker's window.

It was draped across a dingy blue satin ball-room dress, which displayed the pattern, and that being an odd one, he had recognized it at once.

He had purchased it, and obtained her address from the pawnbroker; so here he was, and she must see if a sea-voyage wouldn't bring some color into her pale cheeks, and he was the happiest Jack Tar that ever sailed the sea.

Amy was blissfully happy.

They were married in one week from the day he found her, for he would hear of no delay.

Mrs. Brown's wedding trip was a voyage in her husband's new vessel, the bark Amy.

Years have passed, and children gather about them, and they are happy and prosperous.

Will brings Amy many curious and beautiful gifts from foreign ports; but there is nothing half so precious in her estimation as the black lace shawl.

In Two Worlds.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

STUDENTS of the world's history are constantly learning that empires and epochs are born of trifles.

But in how many cases these are legitimate births we have now no time to consider.

"And you must bring your friend with you."

Must he, indeed!

Now the more Lieutenant Stockton thought it over, the further he seemed drifting from his social confidence.

It did indeed appear a burlesque upon true greatness that a military man should be the victim of such fears.

But before my readers pass judgment they must be better informed.

Lieutenant Stockton for four years had been the slave of discipline and study, and had come home to Bouroughton with the purpose of finding life and living it. And that he might the better enjoy his rest he had insisted upon the company of young Landers, who, had just passed his second year at the military academy.

Bouroughton was too small a place not to wonder at anything wonderful.

So when it became noised abroad that Lieutenant Stockton was engaged to Jennie Hanlan, inquiry was first enthusiastically directed to gathering all the shreds of evidence that supported the report, and then to debating the question, "Resolved, that Jennie Hanlan is not the girl for Lieutenant Stockton," with the affirmative universally triumphant.

But Lieutenant Stockton cared very little for such innocent interference.

He was rather aggressively proud of Jennie Hanlan—more so than of his commission or academical honors—and so it came to pass that his first demand on Harry Landers was for his company on a visit to her house. And our story begins where that visit ends.

Jealousy is proof of the presence of love and the absence of confidence.

Both elements are necessary factors in the product.

If a man is indifferent to a woman's favors, or certain of them, he cannot be jealous; but if he loves and doubts her, he cannot be anything else.

Lieutenant Stockton's devotion to Jennie Hanlan was established—all conceded it while pretending to wonder at it—but his confidence seemed yet more boundless. She might go with whom she pleased, smile as sweetly as she divinely willed, dance with the young lawyer all night, and write down to the academy with impunity. But this night—well, well! there was no possible excuse for his folly, and he would think no more of it.

Bright and early the next morning he left Harry Landers in the library, writing a letter home, and saddling his horse, rode over to the Harbor, to take dinner with a favorite aunt, and listen to the advice that had been gradually accumulating over his head for the past two years.

He received a hearty welcome, an excellent dinner, and even better advice, the third-classed blessing being, by the way, so long protracted that it was not until late in the afternoon that he was able to impress

the farewell kiss on the old lady's cheek, and begin his retreat from her hospitality.

But at so sharp a pace did he urge the sorrel mare that the sun was still in the heavens when the centre of the forest was reached, and he pulled up at a spot which had been a favorite one with him from childhood.

Our memories are loyal to the law of association; and as the Lieutenant fastened the mare to a tree a little from the highway, and then threw himself on a grassy knoll by a spring, a panorama of his young life, before epaulettes and ambition's dream had come to dazzle, seemed to rise before him.

His truant days, when without furlough he had stayed from school with certain boon companions, the hours he spent at this very spot, the fun of splashing the waters of the brook in one another's faces, or building a dam a bit below the fountain sources, with faintest manifestations of that engineering skill that was to score him high at the academy.

But how could he chase away such thoughts ere they brought him to the time when the eyes of Jennie Hanlan seemed blacker and brighter than the eyes of the other girls, and his bashful glances were answered by yet more ardent ones, until, when he finally essayed to rival her boldness she would turn away and smile as sweetly elsewhere, and he awoke to find himself head over heels in love with the greatest flirt in school?

But as they grew older he was certain Jennie improved, until one bright morning —the very brightest of his life—the past was all secured by that letter of all letters, that answered his inflammable epistle from the academy, and assured him that she, Jennie Hanlan — thoughtless, wayward Jennie Hanlan—would be his own true sweetheart for ever and ever.

How much longer this young man of twenty-three would have suffered such communings as these to drive his aunt's advice from his head was never tested, for just then a step was heard, and with it another, and a remarkably gruff voice announced that they would stop there.

Almost instinctively the Lieutenant kept very still, but a natural curiosity led him to peer through the foliage where the travelers had seated themselves.

They were not a specially refined or attractive brace of tourists, or such as would make congenial company in a back alley on a dark night, if one might judge from appearances.

It should be said that they were dressed in considerably better style than the model tramp, but their clothes seemed to speak rather of former splendor than of future hopes; of a setting rather than a rising sun.

But their conversation was decidedly more interesting than themselves.

"He was a trim cut youngster, wasn't he?"

"All brass buttons are," came the surly answer.

"And so sweet on the girl that I got jealous—eh, Jack?"—with a heroic effort to arouse his companion from stupor.

But Jack appeared wrapped in thought, and so was the Lieutenant.

A great light was shining out from a most unexpected source.

Harry Landers stood for the "brass buttons," and Jennie Hanlan was out riding with him, and the bitter suspicions of last night returned with tenfold force.

"Now, Jack, you are a bit envious of me!" said the more talkative one, with a grim sense of the humorous which Jack did not seem to appreciate.

"I was wondering what the time is."

It seemed an innocent and reasonable manner of wonder, but his companion looked at him inquiringly.

Jack's answering glance appeared to satisfy him.

"It's a go, Jack; but I hate to frighten the girl."

"Of course," answered Jack with an oath.

"She might cut your acquaintance, or refuse your hand at the next dance."

The grimness of the remark brought a loud "Ha! ha!" from his companion, which Jack instantly suppressed with his scowling looks.

The idea that the gay young cavalier and object of his passion would soon be that way seemed to furnish food for reflection for all three, and the old silence of nature's spot came back.

It could not have lasted long, but it seemed a full age to Lieutenant Stockton.

Again the coy glances of Jennie Hanlan were stealing towards him, and then she was beseeching him to defend her.

When had he dreamt of a greater privilege?

When would his sabre so gayly have leaped from its scabbard?

But his arm shrank back now, as there was pollution in the cause.

He was asked to re-establish the throne of treachery and crown the queen of coquettes.

He would care no more for Jennie Hanlan than for any human being, not so much as the beggar along the way: and yet suppose he didn't—what then?

What mattered it all?

And he stole toward the sorrel, unfastened her, and felt for his revolver.

There was a heavy step crushing the under-brush behind him, and then the sensation of the weight of a hemisphere falling upon his head, and the earth seemed to rise up towards him—and all was blank.

* * * * * *

It was a strange place where Lieutenant Stockton next found himself.

He was walking a level plain, which presented no object as far as his eye could reach.

Suddenly a man of stunted growth seemed to spring up from the ground before him.

The more the Lieutenant watched him the better he was satisfied that he had met him before, but his perfect identification was possibly prevented by the inexpressible sadness of his face.

"What makes you so unhappy?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Because I am dead," was the abrupt reply.

The Lieutenant involuntarily shuddered, and asked—

"And what place is this?

"Hell!"

And the eyes leered up at him with so exulting a grimace that the Lieutenant started back, whilst the only name he had ever known him by in the other world leaped to his lips.

"Jack!"

But "Jack" had as suddenly vanished as he had appeared, and the Lieutenant was only left to wonder if Harry Landers had killed him and saved Jennie.

Then a gloomy castle rose before him, and the Lieutenant entered a door that opened before him.

He was in a library, elegantly furnished.

But his entrance had attracted another's attention, and a young man looked up from his writing.

It was Harry Landers.

To say that Lieutenant Stockton was surprised is to suppose that anything could surprise him now, but there was a passionate exultation which turned him instantly to haunt him with "Shame!" and "Devil!"

He had indeed been metamorphosed into one.

Both seemed to know all, and as Harry started up he drew his revolver.

Almost simultaneously the library of the strange castle heard the sharp reports ring down its corridors and galleries.

Lieutenant Stockton could feel the hot lead hissing through his brain, but he was living through his agony; this world knew no death.

Yet he reeled and staggered, his eyes yet fixed on Harry Landers.

When a stream of blood burst from the boy's forehead he could have cried out with joy—only he was too weak, and fell to the floor.

That moment a screen to the light suddenly seemed wrenched apart, and Jennie Hanlan with dishevelled hair and pallid cheeks, rushed between them.

Lieutenant Stockton seemed only living now to watch her first movement.

She tottered towards him, but he rudely pushed her away, and ironically begged her not to be as false to Harry Landers as to him.

"Why, Robert!"

And as his own name was sounded in the old way, he seemed to fall asleep despite himself, and when he awoke he was in his own room at home, and Jennie Hanlan was bidding him keep quiet or the doctor would not let her stay.

"Send for him!" muttered the Lieutenant.

"Mr. Landers will go," though her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Landers be hanged!" burst out the Lieutenant.

Whereupon Jennie Hanlan burst out crying.

"Oh, why do you speak to me so, Robert?"

"And when did you see Harry Landers last?" inquired the same ironical voice.

"Once, since the night he called with you—here a few moment ago—but at the sight of him you raved so that the doctor had to banish the poor fellow from the premises."

"Were you not out riding with him on Thursday afternoon.

A light seemed breaking over Jennie Hanlan's mind, and it shed its brightness over her pale face.

"Riding with Mr. Landers?

"No, indeed!

"And did they knock all your brains out, dear Lieutenant?"—with an effort to suppress her gathering mirth.

"And now tell me, Robert, if you have been jealous ever since Mr. Landers and Nellie Harding found you so badly hurt last night on their stopping near the Forest?"

And the tempting lips were bent so close to his that the Lieutenant forgot his headache and kissed them.

THE following explains the difference between "luck" and chance." You take a girl out to the theatre and discover that you haven't a cent in your pocket. You are, of course, compelled to invite her to an oyster saloon after the performance. She refuses for some reason: that's luck," but the "chance" is a million to one that she will accept.

"In Better Health than for Many Years."

A gentleman in Meldon, Ill., whose wife was in a very low state of health, and who could get no help from physicians, sent for a Compound Oxygen Treatment. After using it, he wrote: *My wife's health has greatly improved.* At the time she commenced using the Treatment, her *stomach would retain scarcely any food, but soon after taking, her food began to digest, and her general health to improve. She has enjoyed better health during the last six months than for many years.*" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, actions, and results, with reports of cases and full information, *sent free.* DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Asher's Overcoat.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE?

"Women incomprehensible?

"Well I should say so.

"I declare to you, Leonard, the longer I live and the more I see of them, the less able I am to understand their foibles, and freaks, and fancies."

And having delivered his ultimatum, Mr. Floyd Melville smoothed his moustache complacently, while his friend Leonard took his cigar from his mouth to answer.

"You think, then, that the feminine nature is more a puzzle than the masculine?"

"My dear fellow, I haven't a doubt of it.

"To prove the assertion——

"But here we are, and Belle may explain herself.

"Come in, and make yourself at home, Leonard."

Mr. Melville opened the door with his latch-key, and ushered his friend into a bright little house, every door standing open on the ground floor, and disclosing a charming view of sunshine and blooming flowers, and hanging baskets.

And at a stand in the bay-window, Miss Belle Melville, Floyd Melville's pretty sister, sewing as fast as her machine would let her.

Such a pretty girl, twenty or so, with great dusky eyes, and lustrous dark hair, and a charming bloom on her cheeks, as she greeted her brother and his guest—handsome Leonard.

"I'm afraid I had a sinister motive in bringing Leonard to dinner, Belle," Mr. Melville said, as, a half-hour later, they were discussing the meal.

She looked up laughing.

"Confess, Floyd," she said.

"I mean to.

"I want you to tell him the reason you won't go to hear Gerster to-night."

The smile grew just a little confused, but she looked straight at her brother.

"The real reason, Floyd? Shall I tell him?"

"Certainly," Mr. Leonard answered; "the real, honor-bright reason, if it is agreeable to you."

"Very well, then.

"The real reason, Mr. Leonard, is because my dressmaker has disappointed me."

"Miss Melville!

"No!

"You do not mean that to be understood as your reason?

"Such nonsense."

"But it is not nonsense, I assure you," she replied.

"I am too genuine a woman to be willing to appear in public, particularly at the opera, in a costume which, to say the least, is passe."

"Didn't I tell you so?" Mr. Melville interpolated.

"Here she is, my own sister, who actually denies herself the delicious pleasure of hearing the devine Gerster, just because her dress isn't according to the latest agony."

Belle smiled, and glanced at Mr. Leonard.

"Floyd is unreasonable," she said gaily.

"Unreasonable?

"No; but I had a better opinion of you, Belle," he groaned.

"Put on your shawl, and go; be sensible do."

"I'd rather stay at home than go dressed unfashionably," she answered.

"As if anybody would know whether you had on a new dress or an old one."

"Every woman would know, Floyd, and many gentlemen."

"Give me some more orange-cream, Belle.

"Well, I thank Providence I was not born a woman!"

"Yes?

"Why, Floyd?"

"Because men are above such petty considerations, because men do not condescend to consider whether their hats and caps, their boots and gloves are cut according to this season's style or last—because men ——"

"Now, Floyd, be reasonalle," Belle remonstrated.

"No doubt you lords of creation are absolutely perfect in most respects, but I've an idea you are as particular in your way as women are."

"What nonsense!"

"Didactic, but not so polite as might be," she laughed.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Floyd—I'll go with you to-morrow night to hear Taylor lecture."

Melville elevated his brows.

"Indeed!

"I'll wager a dozen of kids, Belle, that if your dressmaker fails to send home the dress, you'll deny yourself the intellectual enjoyment of hearing Taylor."

"Well, I don't know," Belle returned gravely.

"I might sacrifice to the Moloch of fashion, but—hardly, I think, to Taylor's eloquence.

"Let us hope the sacrifice will not be required.

"Oh, Floyd, I almost forgot to tell you that cousin Asher wrote me he would be here to-morrow to see about something or other pertaining to the farm!"

"You'll have to ask him to dinner, old bore that he is.

"Come on, Leonard; don't let us be late at the Academy."

The next day, true to his appointment, cousin Asher Green "came to town," and, true to his undutiful cousin's prophecy, stayed to dinner with the Melvilles, and just as he was about to leave, Bell coaxed him to leave his overcoat and hat until the next visit.

"But what do you want me to leave 'em for?" he asked.

"Only leave them, and never mind, cousin Asher.

"You shall wear Floyd's coat and hat instead, and you'll be just as comfortable as possible."

"If a turkey can be comfortable in a peacock's feathers," he answered shrewdly.

"But I'll do it to please you, sir.

"You always was a master-hand at mischief, and there's mischief abroad, I'll wager."

So cousin Asher left his overcoat and hat, and kissed Belle good-bye, and went away, while, with sparkling eyes, Belle returned to her dressing-room, from which she descended to the parlor half an hour later, gloved, and ready at an instant's notice.

Ten minutes afterwards, Melville and Mr. Leonard came down from the billiard-room.

"Are you ready, Belle? Leonard won the game of course.

"We'll have to hurry if we expect a good seat."

"Ready and waiting," Belle replied, demurely.

"I'm a little late, I acknowledge; but—where's my overcoat?"

"Your overcoat?" she repeated, innocently.

"Why, isn't it in the hall?"

"There's some kind of a rig here," he answered slowly, "but it isn't mine.

"It's an old-fashioned butter-nut coat, with big buttons.

"I'm blest if cousin Asher hasn't actually taken my coat and hat and left this ancient outfit instead!"

By an almost superhuman effort Belle maintained her gravity.

"It looks so," she said demurely: "but it seems very warm and substantial, and you and cousin Asher are just of a size, and know.

"Put it on, Floyd, and come along. We certainly shall be late."

"Put it on!" Melville echoed. "Put this on?

"Me?"

"Certainly.

"Why not?

"It's a little old-fashioned, I admit," said Belle.

"A little!

"I should say so."

"Floyd!" Belle said, mimicking his voice, and look, and manner of the evening before—"Floyd, do you actually mean to tell me you would lose the intellectual treat of Taylor's lecture, simply because your coat is a little out of style?"

"Would I everlastingly disgrace myself by making such a guy of myself?" he almost shouted at her.

"Well," she observed, "I'm thankful I wasn't born a man.

"Although I have been told, on undoubted authority, that they never condescended to consider whether their clothing was in ——"

Melville flung the antiquated garment on the sofa.

"I'd stay at home for ever before I'd wear such a looking thing!" he burst out spitefully.

"Leonard, you take Belle, for I'm blest if I'll go looking like an ancient deacon."

Leonard had caught the glow in Belle's eyes.

"But, my dear fellow," he said gravely, to Melville, "I'm sure, after all you said, only last night, about the absurdity of your sister's deference to the demand of fashion, that——"

"Don't be a fool, Leonard!" Melville returned.

And then he retreated in disorder, while Belle went with Mr. Leonard, very decidedly to that gentleman's satisfaction.

Nor did Melville ever know whether it was a plot against him or not; but one thing was certain—he never again alluded to the "incomprehensibleness of woman's slavery to fashion," either to his sister, or in the presence of Leonard, his brother-in-law.

THE SHAKERS.—The Shakers had their origin in London, about 1770, but are now confined to the United States, where they have seventeen societies and about 4,000 full members, besides some hundreds of novices.

They were at first an offshot from the Friends, or Quakers. Their mode of worship is very curious.

After an address by one of the elders, they sing a hymn; then they form in a circle around a band of singers, to whose music they "go forth in the dance of them that make merry."

Proof Everywhere.

If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—SIRS—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BREWER.

Annie and Nannie.

ANNIE GLEIG and Nannie Somers were a pair of orphan cousins, living with their aunt, Mrs. Reed, a widowed sister of Annie's mother and Nannie's father.

Their ages—I don't know which was the senior—ranged somewhere between sweet sixteen and blooming twenty.

Both had beauty, though of different style.

Nannie's showy attractions brought her admirers by the score.

Among them was Edmond Richland, a steady going fellow, with a fortune, on which more than one cap-setting damsel's eye was fixed.

Nannie fully intended to marry him some time, so she gave him just encouragement enough to keep her hold secure, without permitting him to come directly to the point.

Thus matters stood when Frank Latham, pronounced the handsomest young man in Bedford, came to spend the summer in the village.

His fortune was three times as large as Richland's, and in like proportion was the impression that he made on the local female heart.

Soon he became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Reed's.

Everybody said that Nannie Somers had made a fresh conquest, and this time a very brilliant one.

True, Mr. Latham was not unfrequently seen walking or riding out with Annie Gleig; and a few words simple enough to hint that it was she who had made the conquest.

One day, when both her nieces were out, Mrs. Reed received a personal call from Mr. Latham.

It was not very lengthy, but it left the good lady in a fluster, which continued till her niece's return.

"What do you think I've got to tell?" she exclaimed.

"Mr. Latham has proposed for you, Nannie, and he's coming to offer you his hand to-morrow.

"I meant to make a show of putting him off at first, just by way of keeping up the family dignity; but he spoke so like a true gentleman that I hadn't the heart to keep him in suspense."

Nannie and her aunt were too absorbed by the great event to notice that Annie had slipped away to her own room.

When she appeared again at tea, her cheeks were pale and her eyes slightly red.

Next morning she made up her mind suddenly to go on a visit of several weeks to an old school-mate some twenty miles away.

At the appointed hour Mr. Latham came, and was graciously received by Nannie.

Miss Nannie had never suspected Mr. Latham of being a bashful man; indeed, she had always found him remarkably cool and self-possessed.

But somehow the novelty of the situation seemed to disconcert him—so much so that his confusion appeared to have driven the object of his visit quite out of his head; for, instead of coming to it with the promptness of an impatient lover, he irrelevantly inquired if Miss Annie was at home.

When told she had gone on a visit, and whither, his embarrassment redoubled; and in spite of Miss Nannie's efforts at encouragement, he rose and took his leave abruptly without a word on the important subject.

"Who would have thought him such a goose?" said Nannie, to herself, not a little provoked; "but I'll bring him to it next time."

Next day Annie was strolling near her friend's house, when all at once she heard her name called.

The voice caused her to start, and the blood to mount to her cheeks.

"Why did you run away from me yesterday?" inquired the tall, handsome gentleman who stood before her.

"You must have known I was coming, and on what errand."

"Of course, Mr. Latham I knew you were coming to propose to my cousin," said Annie, steadying her voice with effort, "and hardly supposed my presence would be required."

"To propose to your cousin?" he exclaimed with astonishment.

"Why it was you I asked your aunt's permission to address, and I've followed you here for no other purpose."

After a moment's silence both broke into a hearty laugh.

It was plain that Aunt Reed's imperfect hearing had led her to confound Annie's name with Nannie's.

When they had recovered their gravity, Latham proposed to Annie in due form, and we can conjecture what the answer was.

As for Nannie Somers she would have been glad enough to recover her hold on Mr. Richland; but he abandoned his suit, and went away.

One day, several months afterwards, she met him in the street, accompanied by a good-looking lady.

Nannie's heart seemed to leap to her throat.

It might not yet be too late to win back her old admirer.

"Allow me to introduce my wife, Miss Somers," Edmond said, with a bow of less than blandness.

The sunken eye, the pallid complexion, the disagreeable eruptions on the face indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the poisons by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is devised for that purpose, and does it.

New Publications.

The Home for [illegible] is a weekly magazine which proposes to be a trustworthy pictorial work of reference, consisting of short sketches of eminent persons selected as subjects because they are at present interesting them. The sketches are accompanied by the most faithful reproductions of photographs of the persons treated. These qualities should make it a valuable addition to our magazines. 23 Park Row, N. Y. Price 25 cents per number.

Our Little Ones and the *Nursery* for May, like all its predecessors, abounds in stories, poems, pictures, music, etc., for the smaller children. Everything in its pages is of the very best, and there is plenty to suit all tastes. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield street, Boston. Price $1.50 per year.

The Century Magazine, for May, makes appeal to a large variety of tastes. By way of history and adventure there are three illustrated papers: The Aborigines and the Colonists, by Edward Eggleston, who has made the study of American Indians a specialty, and who brings to light many curious and interesting facts; the first of two papers by H. H., on the Spanish Missions of Southern California, entitled Father Junipero and his Work, in which a thorough study is made of the romantic settlement of California from Mexico; and, thirdly, a paper of great readableness and ethnological value, by Frank H. Cushing, on his Adventures in Zuni. The illustrations of all these papers have been made with the strictest regard for historical accuracy. By way of personal interest there are three sketches: One of Cardinal Manning (with a portrait which is printed as a frontispiece,) written by Mr. C. Kegan Paul; a second, an exposition of Salvini's King Lear, by Emma Lazarus, with a drawing of the great tragedian in this character, made from life by Alexander; and third, a charming light essay by Henry James, Jr., on Du Maurier's caricatures in Punch, and on the artist's relations to London society. With the last are reproduced a number of du Maurier's best drawings. Other departments in literature are equally as well represented, including fiction; and the whole forms an unsurpassed representative of an ideal monthly magazine. The Century Co., New York.

A magazine which should be particularly acceptable to boys is *Mastery*, just issued. It gives in simply explained and illustrated form hints how to do many useful and interesting things, which boys are fond of. Boat-building, flower-raising, tool making, and many other objects are treated of in a way that cannot but be useful. It is issued weekly at 7 cents per copy. 842 Broadway, N. Y.

IN DEBT TO SAVAGES.—Not only did the white men get tobacco from this source, but with it they borrowed the custom of smoking by the road-side in token of friendship, which was formally interdicted by the Puritan law-givers. The art of making maple sugar and the culture of the maize were learned from the savages, who planted the corn in hills, grew beans around the stalks, and filled the intervening space with pumpkin vines, as old-fashioned farmers do yet. The great factories of fish-manure along the northern coast are traced to the advice of an Indian given to the pilgrims to put a fish in every hill of corn. Hominy, samp, sapaun, and pone are Indian words, and there is hardly an approved method of cooking maize that the Indians did not know; even the western hoe-cake and the southern ash-cake were made by the squaw. Mats, baskets and shoes were made from corn husks by the savages, and from them white men took the hint of using husks for chair bottoms, horse-collars, etc. Their bark house was used as a temporary place of abode by settlers in every colony, and its tradition still lingers in the bark camp of the Adirondack sportsman. The birch canoe and the dug-out, which played so important a part in colonial life, and which are still used, were borrowed from the savages. The corn-husking "bee" and the house-raising assemblage were Indian customs. The device of using hot stones to heat water in a barrel at hog-killing time—a custom very common yet in the Mississippi Valley—was adapted from the Indian method of cooking food. The first Virginia settlers early learned from the savages to eat the meat of the snake, and a hundred years after the settlement rattle-snakes were regarded as a great delicacy by some of the planters.

FORMER BEAUTIES.—Could any beauty of to-day boast that her shoemaker made fifteen dollars a day in pennies by showing her shoes, or that she had a file of guards whom she walked in the park to prevent her being overcrowded? Yet this is what took place with the famous Misses Gunning when they landed penniless in London in 1751 to seek their fortunes.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A Voice From the People.

THE GREATEST CURATIVE SUCCESS OF THE AGE.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvellous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems and general family medicine.

WINSTON, FORSYTH Co., N. C.
March 15th, 1880.

Gents—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters.

Very respectfully, REV. H. FERRELL.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 11, 1880.
Hop Bitters Co.

Please accept our grateful acknowledgement for the Hop Bitters you were so kind to donate, and which were such a benefit to us. We are so built up with it we feel young again.

OLD LADIES OF THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1880.

Gents—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. ROYCE.

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; it has done for me what four doctors failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic. W. L. CARTER.

If you have a sick friend, whose life is a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters will restore that friend to perfect health and happiness.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 8, 1881.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day since I took Hop Bitters.

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

EVANSVILLE, Wis., June 24, 1882.

Gentlemen—No medicine has had one-half the sale here and given such universal satisfaction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles. SMITH & IDE.

BAY CITY, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.

Hop Bitters Company: I think it my duty to send you a recommend for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and nervousness, to strengthen the nerves, system and make new blood. I recommend my patients to use them.

DR. A. PLATT, Trenton of Chronic Diseases.

SUPERIOR, Wis., Jan., 1880.

I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters was doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of disease, and as I had been troubled for seven years with neuralgia and all kinds of rheumatic complaints and kidney trouble, I took one bottle according to directions. It at once did me a great deal of good, and I used four bottles more. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our place using Hop Bitters for their family medicine, and are so well satisfied with it they will use no other. One lady here has been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles.

LEONARD WHITBECK.

What it Did for an Old Lady.

COSHOCTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, [illegible]

Gents—a number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. A lady of over seventy years, had been sick for the past ten years; she had not been able to be around. Six months ago she was helpless. Her old remedies or physicians being of no avail, I sent forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such an effect on her that she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. After taking two bottles more she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

Honest Old Tim.

GORHAM, N. H., July 14, 1879.

Gents—Whoever you are, I don't know: but I feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines, there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessings on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

TIM BURKE.

Anna Maria Krider, Wife of Tobias K.

CHAMBERSBURG, July 25, 1875.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for many years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing. I heard of Hop Bitters and I was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough gone. I think it my duty to let the people know how bad I was and what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches, freckles and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home.

A LADY, Augusta, Me.

I had been sick and miserable so long, causing my husband so much trouble and expense, no one knowing what ailed me. I was so completely disheartened and discouraged that I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy." THE MOTHER.

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache. —EX. *Oswego Sun.*

LAPEER CITY, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate. H. T. ALEXANDER.

"ORDERED."—One day Prince Bismarck was walking with the Emperor of Russia in the summer garden of St. Petersburg, when coming upon a sentinel in the centre of a lawn, he took the liberty of inquiring why the man was placed there. The Emperor did not know. The adjutant did not know. The sentinel did not know, except that he had been ordered there. The aide-de-camp was then despatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's—"Ordered." Curiosity awakened, military records were searched without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving-man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II., one hundred years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot, and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century.

WHAT is the difference between a dull razor and a bad boy? None; for they both need stropping.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with [illegible] for [illegible], nearly [illegible] and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years; after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because of his inherited and prejudice against "Bitters." Now he says he has no need fear but trust in *Hop Bitters*.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE KANGAROO'S STORY—[CONTIN'D.]

"THE seasons are all wrong here, like the wind and the sun.

"Some months ago, I heard the people in the Gardens wishing each other a 'Happy Christmas.'

"Why, there was snow on the ground, and the water in my trough was covered with ice.

"It could not be Christmas, which, as every one knows, is the hottest time of the year.

"At least, it is so in Australia, where the seasons know how to behave themselves, and of course it ought to be so here.

"But, really, America is such a very odd country that we cannot be surprised at anything.

"Shortly after I came here, some children were kind enough to give me some plums and cherries.

"Well, I picked them up, and when I began to eat one, I nearly broke one of my teeth.

"There was a stone inside it.

"Now, who would have expected to find a stone inside a fruit?

"The proper place for the stone is outside the fruit, just stuck on the end, where every one can see it.

"Now that I have shown you what an odd country this is, I will tell you something about my own country, and our way of life there.

"Of course, there are plenty of places in Australia all spoiled with houses, and fences, and roads; but where I lived the country is open for miles and miles, as far as you can see in every direction.

"As for us, there are thousands upon thousands of us.

"I have heard my parents say that not many years ago, we had the country entirely to ourselves.

"We had our enemies [illegible] and the worst of them was the men.

"Now I think that people [illegible] better, but I do not trust them, for they look, do they not, like the apes.

"As to white men, they are a thousand times worse than the blacks.

"Black men get along very well without sheep, or cows, or horses, or those dreadful dogs.

"There is one thing I have observed about these strange creatures which are brought from other places.

"The mother-animals have not the least idea of taking care of their young.

"If I had not seen it over and over again, I could not have believed that the mothers could be so selfish.

"But it is really a fact, that no matter whether the young animal be a horse, or a cow, or a sheep, or a dog, it always has to follow its mother about.

"None of the Australian mothers are selfish enough to leave their children to their own poor little legs.

"Every one of our mothers has a nice warm cradle in front of her, and always carries her babies about with her.

"At first the baby never leaves the cradle, but when it is big enough to eat grass, it just puts its head out of the cradle and nibbles the tender tops of the young grass-blades.

"As it grows stronger it comes out of the cradle, and jumps about on the ground near its mother.

"Suppose that the mother is frightened by a man, or some of the horrid dogs, she knows how to behave herself.

"If she were a sheep, or a cow, she would run away, and the young one would have to run after her; and as the young one cannot run so fast as she does, they will both be caught.

"But, being a kangaroo, she knows better.

"She tells her little one to jump into the cradle, and away she goes with it.

"So here, again, you see how much superior Australia is to America.

"I wish you could see us in our own country, and not in this little place, where one cannot make even a decent jump, and have no chance of showing how fast we can run.

"We can fight, too, when running is of no use.

"You should have seen how my father fought three dogs that a horrid white man set at him.

"He was a Boomer, and one of the finest and handsomest of his kind.

"One day we were quietly feeding, when we heard the barking of dogs.

"My mother called to me.

"I jumped into my cradle, and off we set.

"Now, my mother did not happen to be particularly strong, and she found that she could not carry me very much further.

"So she asked what she was to do, and my father thought of a good plan.

"So, just as we came to a clump of trees where we were hidden for a moment from the dogs, my mother gave a great jump sideways, and lay down flat among the long grass.

"The dogs did not notice what she had done, and went on after my father.

"He knew that he could run faster than the dogs, and wanted to draw them as far as possible from my mother and me, and so to get out of reach of the white man.

"Then he came to a large piece of water (how wide or deep he knew not,

"There were some big trees near the water, and when he had reached the trees, my father stood upright with his back against one of them, so that the dogs could not attack him from behind.

"He was nearly eight feet high when standing up, so you see what a fine Boomer he was.

"As the first dog sprang at him, he gave just one kick and killed the dog on the spot.

"Here I must tell you that the middle toe of a kangaroo has at the tip a very long and sharp claw, which will cut like one of your knives.

"Sometimes when a black man has killed a Boomer, he cuts off these claws, fastens them on the end of long sticks, and then kills kangaroos with them.

"Well, as soon as he had killed the first dog, he picked up the second in his arms squeezed it so tightly that it could bite, and sprang away to the water with the dog in his arms.

"As soon as he reached the water he jumped in as far as he could, popped the dog into the water, and held him down with one of his feet.

"The third dog swam towards my father, but was afraid to come close to him, and swam back to the shore, where he could do nothing but bark.

"The animal was so frightened at seeing both its comrades killed that it prudently ran away, and my father rejoined us at his leisure.

"We can all swim well, and my father was a very fine swimmer.

"On one occasion he swam more than two miles, half the distance being against a strong wind that sent the waves dashing in his face.

"It is no wonder that when kangaroos are so active, I should want to stretch my legs.

"So, one day, just as the keeper opened the gate, I jumped on him, knocked him down, and scampered away all over the place.

"I had not much time for taking notice of the other animals, because a number of keepers ran after me.

"But I had a good scamper round the houses were the elephants live, down through a great hole, which I heard people call a tunnel, and past some large cages of animals which set up a horrid roaring when they heard the noise.

"All at once I stopped; for what think you I saw?

"There were actually some swans of the [illegible] color, not black swans!

"Of course [illegible] from my own dear [illegible], I could not pass [illegible] without speaking to them.

"[illegible] just as we were beginning our talk, a keeper came up behind me, threw a rope over me, and my ramble was at an end.

"Did you think that some of us can climb trees?

"Yes, we can, and we can jump about the branches as easily as on ground.

"Tree-climbing kangaroos are quite black above, and their legs are shorter and their arms longer than those of the kangaroos that live on the ground.

"Then, there are others that live among the rocks, especially those of our great mountain ranges.

"They live in crevices of the rocks, and mostly stay at home in the daytime.

"Sometimes the black men try to smoke them out by making great fires at the entrance of their homes.

"But the kangaroos are clever enough to have several doors to their homes, so that they can slip out and escape from the smoke.

"These creatures are very active, and can climb trees nearly as well as the Tree Kangaroo.

"Do you want to know how I came here?

"Well, one day, while we were quietly feeding, a number of black men jumped out of the grass all round us.

"We could not tell which way to run, and so we all huddled up together in confusion.

"Then the black men threw sticks at us.

"Some of them were very long, and when they hit a kangaroo they went through him.

"Others were short and thick, and others were bent.

"One of them hit me on the head, and I know nothing more until I found myself lying on the ground with my legs tied.

"Both my parents were killed, and I think that I was the only one who escaped with life.

"The black man who had knocked me down was going to kill me when he saw me move.

"But then he thought that there were plenty of dead kangaroos for eating, and that he might make some money by keeping me alive and selling me to a white man.

"This he did.

"I was put into a ship, taken over the sea, and brought into this very cold country, where I suppose I shall end my days.

"And that is the end of my story."

"Thank you," said Jeff.

"I like your story very much, and I don't believe I ever should have learned half so much about kangaroos in all my life if I had not seen you.

"Of course kangaroos know more about themselves than any one else does."

The kangaroo nodded, pleased at the remark.

"What a pity animals can't write books," said Jeff.

"They will in time," replied the kangaroo.

"They are thinking of it now in Australia."

"I am sure that is odd," whispered Eva to the elephant.

"Don't say so to the kangaroo," whispered the elephant.

Then he said aloud—

"It's time to be moving.

"Good-bye for the present, friend kangaroo.

"We shall meet at supper."

Again the kangaroo nodded, and then he disappeared into the recesses of his den.

"I saw the sea-lion this morning," continued the elephant, as they marched along, "and I promised to take you to see him."

"Why, how did you know we were coming?" exclaimed Jeff; "you could not possibly tell."

The elephant looked comically at him a moment.

"Birds in the air told me," said he, curtly; "and was I not waiting for you on the terrace?"

"Were you really?

"How good of you!

"But I am afraid that we shall tire you."

"That would be odd indeed," said the elephant.

"No, I shall not look, and take you where there are colored fountains playing everywhere.

"They look like showers of rubies and emeralds, and the shrubs are covered with golden dew-drops.

"It won't seem a step to you, for it's all enchanted ground to-night."

Of course it was, and the distance appeared to be really so short that Jeff and Eva were quite surprised when they arrived at the sea-lion's pond.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY PIPKIN.

NOT the identical one that slept under the haystack while the cows trampled the corn.

No, indeed, he was quite too wide awake for that!

Of course Boy Blue had another name, but he was so little called by it, and did not seem to like it, when he was.

For when he heard people say "John Alison Ware!" he knew that he was in mischief, and justice was about to be meted unto him.

Why was he called little Boy Blue?

Because when he was a tiny baby his eyes were so very blue—"real ultramarine," Aunt Sue said; but baby only wrinkled his nose at the long word, and mamma smiled.

However, the eyes kept their wonderful color as the baby grew up, so the name was kept too.

Boy Blue had four sisters—three older, one younger than himself.

He used sometimes to wish for a brother, but mostly he was too busy to worry over it then.

He had so much to do the days were not long enough.

He had to work in his garden; it was about as large as a pocket handkerchief, but it required a great deal of care.

He had to feed the kitty, help shell peas for dinner.

Above all, he had to help Jotham.

What Jotham would have done without his help I cannot tell.

With it he kept the garden in order, mended the broken tools, made sleds, skipping-ropes, swings, carts, and baby-houses for the five little Wares.

If Jotham could not have got along without Boy Blue, I am sure the little Wares would have sadly missed Jotham.

One day Jotham was making a sled for Elsie.

It was June, and people do not usually wish to slide on the daisies and clover, but Jotham liked to get things finished early.

I suppose he knew, too, that when Elsie's sled was done he would have to make one apiece for Lill, for Dora, for Boy Blue, and for Little Tot; so, perhaps he thought from June to December was not too long a time for so much work.

The sled was ready to be painted, and blue paint in a nice little bucket with a small brush in it was waiting for the sled.

Boy Blue stood by helping.

Just then somebody called Jotham into the house.

"I might paint a little until he comes back," thought Boy Blue.

"Don't fink I'd better, maybe.

"Elsie said blue stripes; 'haps I shouldn't get them even.

"H m!"

The blue eyes twinkled and the funny little mouth was puckered in a round, rosy button as their owner considered the matter.

"I might practice first," said Boy Blue.

So he tugged the paint-bucket down from the bench.

He slopped a little over, too.

It did not fall on his trousers.

They were short and fastened at the knee with three buttons.

Just a few spatters were on the white stockings below the trousers, and Boy Blue saw them.

"But they will wash," said he to himself.

Then Boy Blue and the paint-bucket walked off behind the tool-house; that was a good place to practice, because the clapboards were so [illegible] of a nice gray color on which the blue paint showed [illegible]

"I'll make five stripes, 'cause I'm 'most five years old," thought Boy Blue.

The first were crooked, and he had to make five more.

They were too long, so he made some shorter ones.

Soon all the side of the tool-house as high as his short arm could reach was painted in blue stripes.

"If I only had a ladder!" mused Boy Blue.

"Fink I'd better get one."

He trudged into the shed, still carrying the paint-bucket.

It was not so full now as when Jotham left it, and did not slop much.

There was no ladder in the shop, so he went on into the barn.

"Ouf! ouf!" grunted Piggy White, hearing steps and expecting dinner.

"I'm busy now, Piggy White," said Boy Blue, looking over the side of the pen; "I'm painting.

"Oh my, Piggy White! you'd look just beautiful if you only had some blue stripes!"

Piggy White was a young pig, quite clean and pretty; the little Wares made a pet of him.

He had a fresh straw bed every night, and Jotham took a deal of care to keep his house tidy.

He was so accustomed to visits from the children he only gently grunted in reply to Boy Blue's remark.

The next thing seen of that small lad he had climbed over, and was as busy over Piggy White as he had been on the tool-house.

Piggy liked to have his back rubbed, and was very quiet while Boy Blue painted a long stripe down his spine and shorter ones across his sides.

"Piggy White, if you wig your tail so I fink I'll scold.

"I want to paint the end of it."

By this time there was not much paint in the bucket, but there was a great deal on Boy Blue's hands, on his stockings, on the short trousers, and on the front of his little blouse.

"H'm!" said Boy Blue, suddenly looking up; "I fink—Jotham, I fink I've got frough."

"The land of liberty!" said Jotham, looking down.

"You're blue, sure enough."

Then he picked up the little workman and carried him into the house.

When mamma had been out and looked at the tool-house and Piggy White, and had come in and looked at Boy Blue, she said what she had said about five hundred times:

"I don't know what I shall do with you!"

But she did, for she told Nurse Norah to give him a bath.

When he had been scrubbed and rubbed and dried, and stood very red and warm to have his head brushed, he sobbed—

"Somebody didn't ought to look after me better!"

"Sure, 'twould take a paycock's eyes, and more, to look after such a stirabout!

"Now run, see the organ-man with your sisters, and be good," said Norah.

The organ-man carried a monkey, and the monkey carried a tambourine, with which he played such pranks the little Wares fell off the steps one after another in fits of laughter, and Boy Blue decided at once to buy that monkey if he could.

So when the organ-man went away, Boy Blue followed.

Only Tot saw him go, for the others were running back to the nursery to see if the dolls were awake.

And Tot could not make people understand what her little lisping tongue meant to say.

It grew late and later; it was almost dark.

Boy Blue did not come home.

They began to wonder.

They began to be anxious.

They began to look for him.

They called his name everywhere.

They shouted—

"Little Boy Blue! Boy Blu-u-u-ue! Boy Blu u-u-ue!"

He did not come.

They thought, What if he should never come back?

Mamma cried.

"Somebody has stolen him," said poor Norah.

"He is drowned."

"He is run over."

"He is——"

"Here he is!"

So he was!

They had looked everywhere and inquired of everybody, and given up in despair.

Papa and Jotham had gone to get help in searching for him.

Mamma was in distress.

And there little Boy Blue came walking into the house himself!

"Where have you been?" cried the sisters.

He had followed the monkey until he was tired, had come back unseen and got into the hammock in the orchard, and had been asleep there ever since.

"And we just crazed about ye, ye bad boy!" said Norah, while mamma hugged him.

"You needn't fink I'd get lost," said Boy Blue proudly.

"I don't do such fings. I want my supper."

He had it.

But at our house we still keep asking this question:

"What shall we do
With little Boy Blue?"

A word to mothers in everything.

BETTER THINGS.

BY G. D.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in good than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State;
Better to suspect that thou art proud, than to be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

CONJURERS' TRICKS.

MECHANICAL pistols, not permitting examination, in which the projectile drops into a secret chamber by the action of springs on the pulling of the trigger, will be beneath the consideration of the true artist, as well as being dangerous in the highest degree. The mode of performing this surprising trick at the present day is as follows: One member of the audience places in the pistol or rifle—an ordinary one—a charge of real powder; a second is asked to choose and privately mark a real bullet from a box of such, which he himself drops into the barrel, and a third rams the whole tightly down with a ramrod, either retaining possession of the weapon from that moment, or passing it to some one else. But in the act of moving from No. 1 to No. 2—that is to say, between the introduction of the powder and the ball—the performer, while calling general attention to, and laying great stress upon the circumstance that three or four people take part in the loading, and not one only, who might be a confederate, slips into the barrel a little tube about an inch in length, which slides down to the charge, and afterwards receives the bullet. This tube, closed at one end, is of just such a size, shape, and color as to fit on the end of the ramrod, and be brought away with it without being noticeable. It is disengaged by the wizard, and the ball secured as he walks back to the stage, and is put inside the lips in readiness in the very act of showing that the mouth is empty.

The great difficulty which occurs in the execution of this feat is to induce the casual spectator to take deliberate aim at one's face; so impressed is he, as a rule, that the weapon he holds is genuinely loaded, that he hesitates to let fly at the performer, and will rather let fly in the air. This, of course, spoils the effect altogether, unless the conjurer has presence of mind enough to pretend to catch the bullet as it falls.

Houdin, who was pre-eminent for neatness and finish, used to conclude this trick by making a long palaver about the mysterious properties of lead in extracting vital essences from the body; then firing the bullet himself at a whitewashed wall, and producing thereon a splash of red, the ball having been exchanged this time for a hollow shell of black wax filled with a blood-colored liquid.

Only a short time ago a son of the famous Houdin executed in Paris a very pretty little trick. Coming forward on the stage as the curtain rose, he made an amusing introductory speech, with much characteristic gesticulation, hand extended and shoulders shrugged up to his ears; then he breathed on his gloves, and presto! they vanished. The gloves—I got it from him afterwards—had no backs to them, and were secured only by the tips of the fingers, which barely covered the nails; a piece of strong elastic ran in a hem round the margin of each and kept them in position, the end passing up the sleeve, to be attached to the back of the vest. A slight flexure of the fingers, therefore, freed them, and caused them to fly away with lightning rapidity; but everything depended on the palms being alone exposed, Frenchman-like, all the time. Address is more than half the battle which the magician has to fight single-handed with the army of watchful eyes which encompass him.

A good story was going the rounds of the papers some months ago to the effect that Hermann, while on the River Plata, was giving a private representation before the Patagonian chiefs, and, though exerting his wonderful abilities to the utmost, was somewhat annoyed at the stolidity, and apparent lack of surprise with which they received the marvels displayed. Showers of gold and packs of cards were made to fall from their ears and noses, dozens of eggs from their pockets, and live canaries from their hair, and still they sat on undismayed. At last, after the entertainment was over, it was discovered that one of them had abstracted a valuable gold watch from the Professor's pocket while the latter was disengaging a miraculous fowl from the savage breast; and that the untutored mind of another had led him to improve the occasion by annexing a handkerchief and pencil-case. C. J.

Grains of Gold.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow.

Life is a school; we are perverse scholars to the last, and require the rod.

Don't drink ice-water by the glass, but take it in sips, a swallow at a time.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary, it is active, it is concentrated strength.

There is poetry and there is beauty in real sympathy; but there is more—there is action.

Earn your own bread, and see how sweet it will be! Work, and see how well and cheerful you will be!

There is seldom a line of glory written upon earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it.

There is nothing here below, which is staple except Christianity. This, alone is immutable, like its author.

Each of us ought to strive for excellence in one thing; but we also need "a little knowledge" in many others.

Purity, sincerity, obedience, and self-surrender—these are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

The bad and vicious may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but they are seldom or never truly cheerful.

Rage and frenzy will pull down more in half an hour than prudence, deliberation and foresight can build up in a hundred years.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

Every man needs a true inward manhood. All the elements that are in us are insignificant except as they stand related to that.

It is the performance of every duty, and the exercise of every function in the fullest manner that constitute a happy and valuable life.

Inborn ability is a precious boon; when it is supposed to compensate for painstaking industry or studious preparation, it loses all prestige.

The mere wants of nature, even when nature is refined by education, are few and simple; but the wants of pride and self-love are insatiable.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments; but let a man have patience, and he will see them in the proper figure.

While it is true that happiness is the best soil for virtue, it is also true that the virtue which can flourish in no other soil is unworthy of its name.

It is one thing to love truth, and to seek it, for its own sake; and quite another to welcome as much of it as tallies with our impressions and prejudices.

The history of every discovery, of every enterprise of benevolence, of every reform, is the history of toil and watching through long discouragements.

Wrong-doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny first, surely leads to pleasant places.

Employment, which has been called "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest.

There is only now and then an opportunity of displaying great courage or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature.

Our laughing, if it be loud and high, commonly ends in a deep sigh; and all the instances of pleasure have a sting, though they carry beauty on the face, and sweetness on the lip.

Femininities.

What is the most uncertain thing in life? A woman's age.

A young lady is not like a tree. You cannot estimate her age by counting her rings.

A blush is modesty's head-light; but a good many trains run without head-lights.

One of the most beautiful of English ladies wears a fur fez over blonde hair. It gives her a fez-tive look.

The most difficult arithmetic that a man has to face is when he tries to reconcile a $20 salary with a $30 wife.

A woman of sense is not ashamed of poverty or of confessing to it, but her taste induces her to keep the marks of it out of sight.

A Southwark woman tried to drown herself in a pint basin, but her nose was so long that she couldn't get her mouth into the water.

"Ma!" exclaimed a youngster at a party, pointing to an elaborate epergne in the middle of the table, "have you hired that? I never saw it before."

"The dearest object to me on earth is my wife," said Jones. "Well, I'm pret y close to you," said Smith, "for the dearest to me is my wife's wardrobe."

There is a female barber in Haley, Idaho, who makes $25 a day. She is pretty, and charges 25 cents for a shave, while the male tonsorial artists get but ten.

"No," said a New York belle, who had just returned from a tour of Egypt. "No, I didn't go to the Red Sea. Red, you know, doesn't agree with my complexion."

"Am I hurting you?" asked a dentist of a lady whose teeth he was filling, and who was emitting horrible groans. "Oh, not in the least; I love to groan!" was the reply.

We hear of a woman who applied for a situation as car-driver. Being asked if she could manage mules, she scornfully replied: "Of course I can. I've had two husbands."

No girl, whether from the lowest or highest position, is fit to become a wife, a mistress of the home, who has not been carefully educated in all the accomplishments of the kitchen.

Several of our exchanges are devoting considerable space to the importance of "cooking girls." It's no use. We don't want them cooked. The raw damsel is good enough.

By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was compelled to live with both wives in the same house. As a consequence the crime was exceedingly rare in that country.

There were more marriages in Victoria, Australia, in 1882, than in any previous year, viz., 5,466. Women have ceased to be scarce in the colony, and now outnumber the men by one hundred and eight to one hundred.

"Do you know in what month of the year my wife talks the least?" "Well, I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice." "Not at all. It is in February." "Why is that?" "Because it has the fewest days."

This is the season when little girls jump rope all day long and live through it, and these little girls were born of mother's who can't walk half a square without being "tired to death." But little girls don't wear corsets.

A Western paper thus describes osculation in its town: "When a Bodie girl is embraced she wants to do all the kissing herself, and the noise she makes resembles the report of a slapjack striking against a dining-room door."

At one of the schools in Cornwall the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children eagerly quoted in reply the text: "No man can serve two masters."

The forthcoming coronation festivities at Moscow are reported to be greatly stimulating the trade in false jewelry. One lady, attached to the Russian Court, has ordered $14,000 worth of them, and went in person to Paris to select the designs.

A few nights ago the two daughters of Dr. Baird, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, upon retiring, took the usual look under the bed for a burglar, and to their astonishment found him. They screamed and ran out of the room, and the fellow escaped unrecognized.

According to the London Court Journal, the institution of bronze earrings, with "Merit" engraved on them, is said to be contemplated by the authorities. These ornaments are to be given to female nurses who have distinguished themselves in hospital service during war.

A young lady, after some six months of blissfully happy wedded life, inquired eagerly of a lady friend possessing ripe experience how she should best retain the affections of her lord and master, so as to ensure a prolongation of the happy state of affairs. The friend's pointed reply was, "Feed the brute!"

A jolly old uncle has been relating some incidents of his earlier life to his nephew. "Of all the women you ever met, uncle," says the young man, "by which were you the most struck?" "By your aunt, my boy—by your aunt!" replies the old gentleman, dropping his voice, and feeling the back of his head tenderly.

"The general opinion which ranks vanity among the lighter feelings of humanity, commits a serious mistake," says a new novelist. "Vanity wants nothing but the motive power to develop into absolute wickedness. Vanity can be savagely suspicious and diabolically cruel. What are the two typical names which stand revealed in history as the names of the two vainest men that have ever lived? Nero and Robespierre."

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

News Notes.

The United States has over 15,000 sawmills.

Cincinnati has had 79 murders and one hanging in ten years.

Omaha produces a sixth of all the lead used in the United States.

The Bishop of Bohemia has declared all Spiritualists guilty of heresy.

A new gray and blue-colored bug is destroying the grain in California.

Drowning was a military punishment mentioned in the charter of Richard I.

Four small studs, instead of one, are now worn in the shirt-front by the bloods in Paris.

The Meteor, the new steamer which was to cross the ocean in five days, proves a complete failure.

Thirty women are employed in a shirt factory in Lynn, Mass., and all of them are divorced wives.

The income the Pope could have from the Italian Government, if he chose to take the money, is $670,000.

Elder Stratton, a Baptist preacher who recently died in Cincinnati, had married about 2,000 couples.

In Rio Janeiro they cover their burial caskets with black, red, or violet material, bordered with gilt tinsel.

A coal dealer in a Connecticut town presents half a ton of coal to every newly-married couple in the place.

An advertisement in a New York paper offers a family monument in exchange for a gold watch and chain.

An eccentric steamboat on the Mississippi is called the Good Rule, because it works equally well both ways.

Erection of buildings at night by means of the electric light is becoming quite common all over the country.

Kerosene is being used to light the New York Elevated Railroad stations, being cheaper than gas or electricity.

A Nevada Indian has just been awarded $15,000 damages from the Southern Pacific Railroad for the loss of a foot.

About one soldier in every five on the frontier becomes a deserter, and one man in six of the army as a whole.

A London paper publishes an article from a German physician in favor of roller-skating as an exercise for children.

It is estimated that there are 1,200 towns west of the Mississippi River without churches or preaching of any kind.

In Japan last year 2,223,214 telegraph messages were despatched, 98 per cent. of which were in the native tongue.

At a wood-cutting contest in McKean county, this State, recently, two women won the first prize for cross-cut sawing.

Mexican City authorities put a policeman on each horse-car, to see that it does not carry more passengers than it can seat.

It is noticed as a curious fact that the people who live at watering places all the year round never think of taking a bath.

A Ploche, Nev., Chinaman recently ate, on a wager at one meal, nine bowls of rice and a four and a half pound chicken.

A Georgia bottle of whisky, found in the wall of an old Court house, was 40 years old. That was as old as it was allowed to get.

The law-makers of New Hampshire grant a bounty of ten cents for every dead crow produced before the proper authorities.

There are about one thousand Indians in Massachusetts representing about a fourth as many families and thirteen different tribes.

The late A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, loaned money to 120 young men to enable them to get an education. Most of the money was repaid.

George F. Kyle, aged 14, was recently married in Covington, Ky., to Miss Lizzie Hollingshead, aged 13. The parents of both the children were present.

A little boy in South Carolina has sent one hundred dollars to the Board of Foreign Missions, the proceeds of the sale of canary birds raised by himself.

Springfield is the shire town of a small district in Massachusetts, and at a single term of the Supreme Court held there recently 30 divorces were granted.

The police of Minneapolis, Minn., have been ordered to halt pedestrians found in the streets after midnight, and to compel them to give an accurate account of themselves.

An Englishman who wears a corset in order to reduce his waist, and who laced it six inches tighter than his natural size, declares that the sensation is rather pleasant than otherwise.

A New Orleans horse-car line issued an order the other day prohibiting smoking on the cars, and the line at once became such a favorite with the ladies that it has been necessary to add ten cars.

In every tobacco factory at Key West there is a "reader." Cubans cannot talk without gesticulation, and, in order to keep them from talking, a person is employed to read aloud to the hands during working hours.

WHEN MIND AND BODY ARE OUT OF SORTS, with cold extremities, a yellowness in the skin, costiveness, dull headache, and an indisposition to stir about, be sure you are in for a Bilious Attack, springing from a more or less disordered Liver. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills will bring the liver to a healthy condition, and speedily remove all biliary distress.

WHAT DAMP FEET MEAN.—Nine-tenths of the more tiresome physical troubles native women bring on themselves, are due to no more terrible muse than damp feet. Men, for once in a way, are sensible in this respect. They do not habitually tramp round in their slippers, or wear thin slips of leather which are as good a protective against damp as a bit of blotting-paper. One-half the boots and shoes seen in our streets ought to be used exclusively for indoor wear. Outside, and with a climate like ours, they are a splendid example of the way in which people go about literally hunting for a sharp attack of illness.

It is perfectly meet and right that the modern Eve should take a pride in her foot. Well shod, and with a dainty military, and not high, French heel to her boot, it is proper she should be conscious of the charms of youth and compliment. But thin cashmere "uppers" never make a foot look well. At best they are flimsy heartbreaking wear. Shoes are even more treacherous. A fairly drenching shower of rain, and the spray beats up from the descending drops, wets the stockings through, laying the foundation of any one of a dozen nasty complaints.

Poor Mrs. Caudle, the good lady whose curtain lectures so long kept patient Job Caudle awake, came to death, so it stands written, through no more serious a cause than "a pair of thin shoes."

For the foundation of lucrative doctor's practice, nothing better could be recommended than an out-of-doors picnic on a slightly damp afternoon, for which all the womenfolk attired themselves in thin shoes and stockings.

TRUTH is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance on language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises or oaths.

WHAT BEATTY HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN FIVE MONTHS.

Shipments of Beatty's Cathedral, Chapel, Pipe and Beethoven Organs during the past five months were as follows:

DECEMBER,	1882,	26	working days,	.....	1,410
JANUARY,	1883,	21	" "	.....	1,102
FEBRUARY,	1883,	23	" "	.....	1,152
MARCH,	1883,	27	" "	.....	1,435
APRIL,	1883,	23	" "	.....	1,235
TOTAL,		119			6,434

The days specified above are actual working days. December has one holiday, Christmas; January, New Years; five days of January were lost in erecting a new 500 horse-power double engine, during which time everything was at a standstill; February has a holiday, Washington's Birthday; March having no holidays full time was made, 27 working days and giving us the enormous out-put of 1,435 Cabinet Organs. In April two days were lost, the first being annual moving, and on the 9th the Municipal election occurred, at which time the Mayor, Common Council, etc., were chosen. As all National, Gubernatorial and Municipal elections are legal holidays the factory was closed. Upon this day, the 9th of April, I was chosen by the citizens as their Chief Magistrate for the fifth consecutive term, by far the largest majority ever given a Mayor since the place was incorporated.

The following is clipped from the *New York Daily Times*—

A Popular Mayor Re-Elected.

WASHINGTON, N. J., April 9.—At the municipal election held to-day, Daniel F. Beatty was re-elected Mayor for the fifth time by an overwhelming majority. The largest vote ever known was polled.—New York Daily Times, April 10th, 1883.

The above needs no comment.

Taking into consideration that about twelve years ago, or in 1870, I left my father's farm penniless and, by industry, honesty and thrift, and by strictly adhering to the principle of "the best goods for the least money," I have steadily risen and am achieving a success that is a wonder to the slow going monopolists, and have accomplished it unaided, save by the support of patrons.

The record is an unanswerable fact and proves without the possibility of refutation that the Beatty organs are giving the best of satisfaction. The record of shipments in April far surpasses any ever made in the world, the daily average out-put being a fraction over 58 organs, the total being 1235 organs in 23 days.

The average for the past five months is above 54 per day!

I challenge any manufacturer in this country or Europe, or the world, to equal this record of 6,434 organs in 119 working days.

If it has been equaled, I will donate $10,000 to any charitable institution that may be agreed upon.

This is not blow. It is the record of honest facts. So anxious am I to have all come and see my factory and books for themselves and purchase an organ, that I shall allow $10 traveling expenses instead of $5 as heretofore. If necessary, I will pay all traveling expenses from any reasonable distance. Bear in mind that there were no "small organs" in the above record. They were all large Chapel, Parlor, Church and Cathedral organs; none were made containing less than 5 octave manual and from 9 to 36 octaves of reeds.

NOTE.—The above record does not include the shipments of Beatty's Pianofortes, Grand, Square and Upright. A large number of these instruments were also shipped during this period.

The Public's Humble and Obedient Servant,

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, } ss.
WARREN COUNTY, }

Charles H. Davis, being duly sworn, on his oath saith that he is Superintendent of Daniel F. Beatty's Manufacturing Establishment and that the foregoing shipment of organs as above stated is true.

CHARLES H. DAVIS.

Sworn and subscribed before me, May 1st, 1883.

F. M. HANN, Notary Public.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

On a mystical sin is the lay that I spin,
In these ultra civilized days,
Of the maiden who flaunts, through society haunts,
In the latest feminine craze.

You will see her up town, in a wonderful gown
Of washed-out, bilious red,
While her hair in a tang will most artfully hang
'Neath the Langtry hat on her head.

Her gloves of "mous-kit-ter" will in wrinkles fit her,
Her boots will be high in the heel;
While ribbons erratic, in colors ecstatic,
Her own special taste will reveal.

A dagger that's knifelike, a beetle that's lifelike,
Are items this darling affects;
While, as for a lizard to get up a blizzard,
There's nothing she sooner selects.

Some bangles, all jangling with chains that are dangling,
On her taperlike wrists find a place,
And a monkey and snake both neat ornaments make,
And spiders are sweet tucked in lace.

A huge bunch of flowers, at all kinds of hours,
She wears in the belt at her waist,
But stay, gentle reader, they say that we need her,
To show in strong colors good taste.

—CHARLES SEALE.

Humorous.

The original Land League—Three miles.

The police "court"—Flirting with the cook.

A persons who cuts a pretty figure—A sculptor.

A stump speech—"Gimme the end of your cigar, mister!"

Why is a railroad patriotic? Because it is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

Why is a wrinkled face like a well-ploughed field? Because it is furrowed with care, of course.

"How," shrewdly asked a clergyman the other day, "would the world have been affected if the laborers had struck while loading the ark?"

"Yes," said the landlord, pointing to his block of new houses, "they're all full 'cept the one at the end; that's last, but not leased."

People often wonder why country editors always wear a belt to hold up their pantaloons, instead of wearing suspenders. It's the most simple thing in the world. When an editor gets word from his house that there's nothing on hand for dinner, he simply tightens up his belt another hole, and says nothing.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

The Wonderful Efficacy of

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

Has been so frequently and satisfactorily proven that it seems almost superfluous to say anything more in their favor. The immense and constantly increasing demand for them, both in this and foreign countries, is the best evidence of their value. Their sale to-day in the United States is far greater than any other cathartic medicine. This demand is not spasmodic, it is regular and steady. It is not of to-day or yesterday, it is an increase that has been steadily growing for the last thirty-five years. What are the reasons for this great and growing demand?

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills contain no mercury, and yet they act with wonderful effect upon the liver. They cleanse the stomach and bowels of all irritating matter, which, if allowed to remain, poisons the blood, and brings on Malaria, Chills and Fever, and many other diseases. They give health and strength to the digestive organs. They create appetite and give vigor to the whole system. They are in fact the medicine of all others which should be taken in times like the present, when malarial and other epidemics are raging, as they prepare the system to resist attacks of disease of every character.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills are sold by all druggists at 25c. per box, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, in English or German, is sent **free** to all. Address **Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Always ask for

PENS! ESTERBROOK'S.

For sale by all stationers.
26 John Street, New York.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or insalitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

XMAS CARDS 25 Comic Returned Envelopes, with name and address, 10c. 50 Chromo Cards, with name, 10c.; all for 25c. **Nutmeg Card Co., Cheshire, Conn.**

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed. Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila.

A KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. E. BIRCH & CO., 36 Dey St., N. Y.

SILK PATCHWORK made easy. Sheets of all shapes for basting. Send 4 3c. stamps for Samples. Home Silk Co., New Haven, Ct.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you,

SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh,

CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 26, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, H. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

LANDRETHS' SEED WAREHOUSE.

No. 21 & 23 South Sixth St.,

Between Market and Chestnut Streets, and

DELAWARE AVE. & ARCH ST., PHILA.

Flower Seeds in large assortment, of best quality. Flower roots for Spring planting. Every thing of the best for farm, garden, or country seat. Send for catalogue. **D. LANDRETH & SONS.**

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

☞ JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices.

Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, Information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market Sts., Philada.

☞ Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

AGENTS WANTED

Champion WASHING MACHINE.

Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling Washer ever invented. It occupies no more room than a wringer; is strong, durable and simple, and is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large discount to the Trade and Agents.

SEAMAN & CO., Milford, N. Y.

WANTED.—Ladies and young men wishing to earn $1 to $3 every day quietly at their homes; work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address Edward F. Davis & Co., 58 South Main St., Fall River, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila'a, Pa.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Agents Wanted Sells Rapidly. Particulars free **CIGARS 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

$20 for 20 CTS. The publishers of the *Capital City Home Guest*, the well-known illustrated family and story paper, among their rewards for May, offer the following: We shall give $20 IN GOLD to the person telling us which is the longest verse in the Bible by July 1, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received the money will be divided. Money forwarded to winner July 5. Persons competing for the reward must send 20 cts. in silver, with their answer, for which they will receive two months subscription to the *Home Guest*, a 32-page illustrated Book, 25 useful household articles, and paper containing name of winner. Address, PUBLISHERS HOME GUEST, 241 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra Large Cards in Colors, (all new) French & Swiss Florals, Motto, Remembrance & Verse Cards, in fancy script type, 10c, 15 packs $1.00 or 25 Gold Bevel Edge Cards, 10c. Our Beautiful bound Sample Album for 1883 with 1000's Premium List, reduced Price List, &c., 25c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.

40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Lewis, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

E. S.

Belmont, Wisc., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

A. A. H.

Auburn, Mich., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

S. R.

Sevierville, Tenn, April 16, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. H.

Marengo, Ill., April 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. J. S.

Cuba, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. E. D.

Carthage, Mo., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. R.

Columbus, O., April 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. M. S.

Laporte, Ind., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

B. K.

Nishnabotna, Mo., April 16, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

L. L. L.

Prestonsburg, Ky., March 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Columbus, Ind., April 17, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. S.

Hamilton, Mo., April 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

D. M. C.

Saratoga, N. C., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

P. S. B.

Brantford, Kans., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. F.

Montgomery, Ky., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

F. W. S.

St. Joe, Mo., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

N. J. A.

Mt. Union, Iowa., April 16, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

W. S.

$85.00 FOR ONLY **$45.00** FREIGHT PREPAID. 24 STOPS 5 Sets REEDS

LATEST STYLE, No. 1600.
Dimensions—Height, 74 ins., Depth, 26 ins., Length, 50 ins., Weight, boxed, about 450 lbs.

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24 STOPS.—1. Cello, 8 ft. tone; 2. Melodia, 8 ft. tone; 3. Clarabella, 8 ft. tone; 4. Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. tone; 5. Bourdon, 16 ft. tone; 6. Saxophone, 8 ft. tone; 7. Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone; 8. Diapason, 8 ft. tone; 9. Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone; 10. Grand Expression, 8 ft. tone; 11. French Horn, 8 ft. tone; 12. Harp Æolian; 13. Vox Humana; 14. Echo, 8 ft. tone; 15. Dulciana, 8 ft. tone; 16. Clarionet, 8 ft. tone; 17. Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone; 18. Violina, 4 ft. tone; 19. Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone; 20. Piccolo, 4 ft. tone; 21. Coupler Harmonique; 22. Orchestral Forte; 23. Grand Organ Knee Stop; 24. Right Organ Knee Stop.

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FIVE SETS REEDS.—Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the Sweet VOIX CELESTE STOP, the famous French Horn Solo Combination, New Grand Organ Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire motion by the knee, if necessary. Five (5) Sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: a set of powerful Sub-Bass Reeds; set of 2 Octaves of VOIX CELESTE; one set of FRENCH HORN REEDS, and 2 1-2 Octaves each of regular GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS. Besides all this, it is fitted up with an OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Step Action, also Sounding Boards, &c. It has a Sliding Lid and conveniently arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows, which are of the upright pattern, are made from the best quality of rubber cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of pedal straps. The Pedals, instead of being covered with carpet, are polished metal of neat design, and never get out of repair or worn.

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January, 1883, 1102 March, 1883, 1435 Total 5099

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If you will remit me $45.00 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from the date hereof, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for $85. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full warrantee for six years. GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL

MAY 27th, 1883. Daniel F. Beatty,

COUPON On receipt of this Coupon from any readers of Saturday Evening Post, $40.00

and $45.00 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Check on your Bank, if forwarded within 10 days from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for $40.00 as part payment on my celebrated 24 Stop $85 Parlor Organ, with Bench, Book, etc., providing the cash balance of $45.00 accompanies this Coupon, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for $85, and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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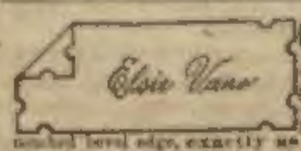

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The proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated and introduced into homes where it is not already known, have determined to throw off all profit this year, and in addition use a portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to 100,000 copies. After deciding to more extensively advertise than ever before, the following plan has been adopted by us.

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We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a printed numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our ANNUAL MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL.

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All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by committee chosen at the Festival by the Subscribers, and the presents will be awarded the same as at Church Fairs and Festivals. It will not be necessary for Subscribers to attend the Festival as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. THE 50 CENTS which you send us is the regular price for Six Months' Subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. OUR PROFIT will be in your future patronage, as we believe you will like our paper so well that you will always remain a subscriber. YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE. Get five of your friends to join you by getting this out and showing it to them. Send us $2.50 and we will send you the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble.

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THE PROPRIETORS are men of means, who always have and now and always will do as they agree, and our paper is long established and reliable, with sufficient capital to carry out and fulfill to the letter any offer we may make.

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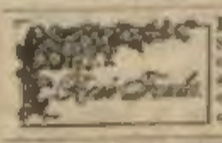

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IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. MITTEN & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IN spite of the fact that we are hoping for, if not expecting warmer and brighter weather, the prevailing tone of the toilets is still dark, and the winter colors are still worn.

Thus we have dark reds, myrtle greens, etc., for our Spring costumes, although they are sprinkled amongst a goodly array of pretty light washing materials for later wear.

The plain skirts have something to do with this, no doubt, as they look so much better made of heavy than light materials, and are more fashionable than trimmed ones for walking or home costumes.

A skirt of plain velvet or velveteen, or the former brocaded or ribbed, requires but little trimming, a wide ruching being sufficient; this lined with satin if made of the velvet, or else entirely of a different material, such as that of which the paniers and bodice are made, which may be cashmere, cloth, or satin merveilleux, and a black skirt of this kind will be found available for wearing with several different tunics or polonaises, looking extremely well with those of soft cream silk, or of pale colored washing sateen.

A pretty pink tunic and bodice of this last named material, turning it into a spring morning dress, while one of black satin, consisting of short tunic or paniers trimmed with beaded lace, and pointed bodice with transparent sleeves of beaded lace, forms quite a dressy toilet.

Here is an example of this kind of dress. The materials are dark myrtle green ribbed velvet, with satin and soft cloth of the same color.

The velvet skirt is quite plain save for a ruche of the same at the bottom, this being a wide one arranged in box-pleats, so that the lower half forms a flounce, and the upper only the ruche tacked down so as to show as much as possible of the satin lining.

The bodice is a perfectly plain long pointed one, fastening down the front with silk buttons put very close together, with sleeves also plain with narrow cuffs of velvet. The paniers are also of cloth in flat folds under the point in front, slightly loosened and puffed over the hips, and arranged under a short full drapery behind.

With this costume was worn a small close-fitting green felt bonnet trimmed with flat folds of velvet, strings of the same, and a pale pink aigrette at the left side.

Another plain dark dress was of deep rich red, the skirt in this instance being plain velveteen ornamented at the bottom with a pleated flounce of the same, and above a narrow full ruche of satin.

The bodice and paniers are of softly draping cloth, or cashmere. The paniers, similar in cut and drapery to those of the preceding toilet, have a certain amount of trimming by being cut out in tabs, showing a little kilting of satin beneath, and the bodice, which has rounded basques, has them cut out in deeper tabs to correspond.

(Apropos of this trimming of tabs, I may mention I have seen one which looks pretty with a lining to them of red satin, the material being brown, they being all turned up and tacked down upon both bodice and tunic.)

The sleeves of the costume are not quite long, set in well over the shoulder, and finished with a ruche of red silk lace, a similar one going round the throat, and the buttons are enamel ones.

The hat worn with it is a large red straw, heavily laden with feathers, the whole being the same shade of red as the costume, the only relief in color being the tan gloves, which are still worn with every costume.

For plain morning wear, tweeds are more fashionable than other materials, and a favorite mixture of colors is that in which there is a little red, a little yellow, and a large proportion of brown.

Braided, either in a pattern or with a great many rows of narrow braid sewn closely together, these look best, and braided tweed polonaises or pointed tunics, open in front with coat bodices, are worn over short plush skirts of the same color.

The spring morning costumes (I mean those of light materials) are as fussy and as much trimmed as ever, there being more room for it on the wider skirts.

Lavenders and yellows are the popular colors for these, and also China blue, and rather thick laces and embroidery their usual trimming.

The shop windows are crowded with spring mantles, and very pretty some of these are, although they are chiefly black ones.

Much shorter than the winter ones, they are nearly covered with trimming, and several materials are used in their construction very often.

Some of brocaded satin, with quite short backs, have fans of plain satin let in and have long points in front, the whole heavily trimmed with jet or jetted lace.

Others of satin merveilleux have pleated fronts of broche, simulating waistcoats, and are elaborately trimmed with lace or marabouts.

Then there are many tartan ones which are more quaint than pretty, the plaids being generally so large, which have always either feathers or fur trimmings if not quite plain.

Newmarket coats, of either velvet, cloth, or brocade, are still worn; but the favorite garments, seem the short dolman mantles we have just alluded to, which are only tied in behind, and the sleeves of which are rather short; these looking well made of the same material of which the dress is composed, as well as of different material.

The favorite shapes for bonnets, seems a sort of gipsy, one, the brim of which is bent upwards in a sort of peak in front, and trimmed both outside and inside with ruches of silk or lace, or wreaths of flowers.

As an example, I quote one of rough yellow straw, with quillings of lace, in which primroses are dotted, with a large bunch of them on one side of the crown, and the lace strings which cross the back of the bonnet fastened with a bouquet of the same.

Another similar in shape, though with rather a narrower brim, is of gray chip, trimmed with silk lace to match, and wreaths of yellow and orange wall-flowers.

It is quite a season of incongruous mixtures of materials; embroidered and brocaded nun's veiling is made up with the new canvas embroidery, and so are silks and satins; velvet trims many cotton sateens, and Japanese foulards drape velvet skirts. The new nun's cloth is in charming colors, such as pale cornflower-blue, dull red, coral, strawberry-pink, and pale mignonette-green.

The millinery this season is difficult to describe on account of its endless variety. Dark-colored straw bonnets will be the general wear for the present, trimmed either with velvet to match, or with a high cluster of flowers at the left side.

There may be one, two, or even three, pairs of narrow velvet, or ottoman ribbon strings, or there may be a single wide pair. Straw bonnets, made to represent stripped grasses, and basket bonnets, imitating twigs, are prepared for country wear.

Gold lace, the new cashmere lace, black lace, and leather lace, are all used in millinery, and yellow is on most black bonnets, whether as gold cord, gold lace, silk pompons, or as dandelions, marigolds, button daisies, chrysanthemums, marguerites, Marshal Neil roses, &c.

Some pretty costumes are made of black nun's veiling for day wear. The kilted skirt has rows of black velvet ribbon run on in longitudinal lines to imitate a striped material; the tunic also of veiling is broche with large chenille flowers in rich shades of color—red, dahlia, yellow, pink, &c.

Short plain bodice with a large pouf at the back, and a waistcoat to match the tunic, likewise revers and a collar. These veiling costumes are also made in dark blue, moss green, and claret.

The woollen materials prepared for spring wear are original and stylish, and at the same time very becoming.

The color of the plain skirt, however, varies, according to choice, matching the ground or the prominent shade of the pattern, and produces very different effects, being often either light or dark, according to the special shade chosen; a dark tint from the flowers, or a light one from the ground, or vice versa.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

THE taste for painting fancy articles of all kinds still continues, and common tin plates, pieces of looking-glasses cut into the form of palettes, and glass screens for standing before fireplaces, are the latest novelties.

The tin plates are first well covered with a thick coat of oil paint, and afterwards ornamented in the centre with some fancy design, and varnished with spirit varnish at the last.

One plate I have seen, showed its original color, and had a wreath of poppy buds and leaves painted round the edge, and a full blown poppy, with leaf and bud, in the centre.

The palettes are placed on an easel on the table, and have a spray and a butterfly painted on one side; a satin bow is tied through the thumbhole, to give an air of smartness.

They serve as small mirrors. Some ladies drape a piece of plush or fancy material round the easel before fixing on the glass palette.

Imitation Barbotine china has lately been done with good effect by means of modelling wax, which can be had in dark red or lighter colors.

The flowers are usually done on the plate itself, as quickly as possible, the wax adhering perfectly if the plate is slightly heated.

When dry they can be painted. The red wax looks well on terra-cotta plates. If the wax is worked separately, and the flowers put on to the plate afterwards, the plate and adhesive wax must be slightly warmed. I saw some plaques thus ornamented mounted in velvet frames, which looked almost like the real French china models they had been copied from.

A velvet frame to a mirror appeared to me as unique, for it had a wreath of fruit in leather work laid on to chestnut-colored velvet.

The same lady had arranged a group of smaller fruit and leaves on to the back of a pocket-handkerchief sachet of cream-colored velvet.

The two colors harmonized pleasantly. This work might be applied to a variety of articles, and it is now adapted to ecru lace, bonnets, &c., for dress ornamentation.

The light-colored leather is used, and the designs are delicate, vine leaves and tendrils being general.

Apropos of sachets, I may mention some that were given by a bride to her bridesmaids a short time ago.

They were in the shape of a square handkerchief, with the corners gathered together in the centre, hidden by the fulness of the cream lace, which edged the square. They were of satin, widely quilted, in three colors—crushed strawberry, pale blue, and terra-cotta—and they measured nine inches square when the corners were all tied up. On each one was placed a large artificial rose, with leaves and buds, placed near the centre among the lace, apparently tied there by a satin bow. The bow was pierced by a silver pin, having a spider for its head. Each sachet was perfumed.

The Syrian curtain of soft cream-colored muslin, worked in old-gold silks, are to be seen almost in every drawing-room now, in one form or another.

There are three sizes, beginning from three yards long and three-quarters wide, then going on to four yards long and over a yard wide.

The short ones are tied in one large bow and placed on the back of a chair, or laid along the back of a sofa, draped above and beside the fireplace, or a mirror, also cut and festooned round the border of a tea-cloth.

The longer ones are used in any rooms as window curtains, tied with old-gold colored India silk or satin ribbon.

Sometimes they are caught back with bands of cream grosilp or Roman sheeting, worked in old-gold floselle silk, in crewel or cross-stitch.

They wash well if ordinary care is used. India silk, the soft kinds such as Nagpore, Rumchunder, and Lahore satin, is used now for draping mirrors, mantel valances, small pictures on easels, and even toilette covers and looking-glasses, trimmed with cream or coffee-colored lace of soft textures. Sometimes it is a difficulty to know how to put away boots and shoes in a room where space is limited, and I was shown what appeared to me to be a neat way recently, and which may assist someone in the matter.

The toilette table was of ordinary size, and covered with the usual shaped drapery. In front a deep-pointed piece of Watteau cretonne (representing a group of figures in the centre of foliage) was laid on to a stiff background of mill or card board, and fell from the edge of the table to the ground, in the centre of the table.

On each side of it were plaitings of muslin. At each side of the table the same cretonne, but in straight panels, and of different designs, fell.

These lifted up and discovered an inner panel of holland, mounted on mill-board, with pockets, into which shoes and boots in pairs fitted.

On one side of the table were the walking shoes and boots, and on the other the indoor and evening ones.

The deep point in front also lifted up and showed a box with a shelf, in which bonnets and hats were kept.

The cover of the table was of muslin, edged with lace, overlapping the edge all round.

With a very little taste and ingenuity, this useful toilet table might be carried out. Red Turkey twill and coarse cream lace would look well, or the chintz of the furniture, or all of muslin over a color.

Some ladies are working the front of the toilet table drapery in Russian cross-stitch on oatmeal cloth, in red and blue ingrained thread, coarse, and with wide-meshed canvas.

They also work a border all round the top, trim with red and blue coarse washing lace, called Russian, and finished off with red and blue ribbon.

If great industry is natural to the worker, she further works her bed quilt, brush and comb case, and nightdress sachet to match. The work quite repays the outlay of time and labor, as it looks well, and washes and wears excellently. If the canvas is very coarse, use the thread double.

Plush cushions look beautiful with a spray of silk applique flowers (to be bought at any fancy shop) laid on and sewn, with a bow of satin ribbon placed on the stalks where the real bow would be. This is a new style of ornamentation, and most easy and quick of execution. Applique designs in wash leather, worked in gold floselle and real gold twist, are now seen on satin sheeting as bordering, or small patterns on cushions blotters, &c.

Correspondence.

E. F. M., (Freeborn, Minn.)—The exact area of a circle cannot be found, but it has been calculated to 208 places of decimals. The operation is called squaring the circle.

LILLIAN, (Morgan, Va.)—Let him alone; his feelings will soon find words in which to express themselves. There is no doubt but that he loves you, but take care just at this particular time that you do not cross him in anything. Be very nice and loving to him.

H. A., (Portage, O.)—A "pessimist" is one who regards what is as bad and of evil tendency. He is the opposite of the "optimist," who believes that which is to be good and excellent in its outcome. The word is of Latin origin. It is not a recent introduction.

THOMAS, (Worcester, Mass.)—Days have always been practically of the same length—that is to say, governed by the revolution of the earth round the sun. 2. The earth is nearer to the sun in summer than in winter. We are warmer when we are near the fire, not when we are far away. It is wrong to speak of the sun as nearer or farther from the earth, as it is the earth that moves, not the sun.

SIXTEEN, (Montcalm, Mich.)—It is impossible to say at what age marriage is desirable. Certainly sixteen seems very young. The danger is that, if domestic life is commenced so early, it will be troubled, and the end of happiness will come all too soon, perhaps years before the end of life. Take the advice of some personal friend who knows the individual temperament of the parties and the special prospects of the proposed union. There is no rule in the case.

DOTHERY, (Lebanon, Pa.)—"Who was the person who distinguished the sexes of the children by bidding them wash their hands in water? One party declares it was King Solomon, but fails to prove it by showing the chapter in the Bible; the other says it was some other illustrious person not in the Bible, but cannot explain who it was." We are in the position of the other, who says it was some other illustrious person not in the Bible, but have not the slightest recollection who.

T. F. H., (Marshall, Kansas.)—When a young man thinks he is "converted" and desires "to enter the ministry," he unconsciously, and of course unintentionally, gives way to that most baneful delusion, "experience," and his attention is diverted from his business. We must decline to say or do anything to help in this straying into a devious path. "The ministry," in so far as it has any real existence, is a profession for which a young man must be properly educated and trained. Those who desire to enter this calling should understand that it is not less laborious than any other.

W. M. W., (Bedford, Pa.)—A sad case; but what can we say? It is easy to urge forbearance, patience, and a resolute endeavor to win back the affection which seems to be lost; but it will not probably be easy to carry out this advice in practice. Certainly that is the best course to pursue. It would be spirited, but not politic, to push remonstrance to an extreme. Nor should we advise, at present at least, appealing to the influence of others. Try earnestly and hopefully to mend the state of matters by your own unassisted love and kindness. To do this do not take too serious a view of what has occurred.

HOPELESS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—When the brain is allowed to lie fallow for a lengthened period, it bears a poor crop of ideas, and becomes, as it were, sterile. There is nothing in the least degree wonderful in this. Every part of the organism feeds as it works, and, if the brain does not exert itself, it must cease to be properly nourished. Find some congenial occupation, or, if that be difficult, then, rather than allow the intellectual faculties to waste and the mind to weaken and worry itself in blieless, throw yourself with all the energy of which you are capable into the work that lies nearest to hand. This is clearly a case for effort. Try, and then write again.

P. F. D., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"As we forgive others their trespasses." If we are not ourselves forgiving, is it reasonable to expect we shall be forgiven? We do not understand that the prayer is for forgiveness because we forgive, but that the Deity will exhibit towards us the perfection of that grace which we, who are made in His image, show to others. It is to our minds ridiculous to suppose that the hard-hearted and unfeeling can be ignorant of the fact that they are acting unworthily. They are hard-hearted and unfeeling against their own better judgment. In the case detailed we think it is quite possible the step taken was a wrong one. It would have been dutiful to wait. Time might, and probably would, have broken down the obstacle.

ALICE, (Kensington, Pa.)—There is no better application than good white Castile soap freely used with cold water three times a day. Do not rub much, but lather well and wipe dry, after rinsing with cold water. This is all that can be done. At the same time it often happens that the skin affection to which you refer is caused by general debility, and a more nourishing diet or a more liberal use of fat would relieve. Those who desire healthy skins and clear complexions should eat plenty of fat and sugar and rice—such things, in fact, as help the nutrition by enabling the body to maintain its proper standard of heat, and at the same time put on fat. It is not possible to the thin and fair of skin. The absence of fat underneath the skin makes the latter look coarse, and, when it is badly nourished as well as thin, there will be freckles and spots and "comedones" to disfigure the surface. Eat salt and fat and sugar freely.

F. AND G., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is not the place and it would certainly not redound to the womanly credit of either of you to seek "to attract a gentleman." The question you put is both immodest and unmaidenly, and reflects upon your home training. Modesty is the citadel of beauty and virtue; indiscretion and wickedness are first cousins. It is for woman to be sought, not to seek—to be wooed, and not unsought be won. And it is well that it is so; for thus time and opportunity are afforded her of testing the goodness and worth of her suitor, upon whom her future happiness in life so largely depends. Artificial allurements but too often bring unhappiness in their train. False in themselves, they are generally the resort of those who are false in spirit. Rest assured that your only treasures are those which you carry in your heart, and these will be revealed in your demeanor. Let this be chaste, and you must win respect and love. "A woman's fairest virtues fly from public sight—domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light."